
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

OCTOBER, 1797.

MEMOIRS OF MR. CHARLES MURRAY.

WHENEVER a character through real merit becomes highly estimated by the public, every individual is solicitous of acquainting himself with the circumstances of his life. Some, indeed, merely from motives of idle curiosity : but persons of understanding and reflection, from a desire of tracing those causes which served to elevate him above the great mass of mankind ; and by the influence of which he had been enabled to insinuate himself into the good graces of a discerning public. It is only by thus studying the characteristics of great and virtuous men, and contrasting them with those of the multitude, that we can come at any thing like a true knowledge of human nature. And by following those traits in either of them, which appear to us calculated to produce good, and carefully avoiding those which appear pernicious in their tendency, we shall be able so to model our characters, as to draw upon ourselves the respect, caresses, and esteem of every company with whom we may chance to associate.

The merited applause which Mr Murray has met with from the London, as well as other audiences, supercedes the necessity of any apology for laying before the public some account of his life. Indeed, the false and erroneous statements which have successively appeared in different publications, heightens the claim,

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which,

which, from his merit and abilities, he before had upon our attention.

Mr. Charles Murray is the son of sir John Murray, of Broughton, baronet; whose name stands so conspicuous in the annals of the Rebellion of 1745, as secretary to the Pretender; and who, on account of the active part which he took in the cause of that unfortunate prince, was arraigned for high treason, but afterwards pardoned by the king *.

After having witnessed the final ruin of the cause of his young master, he resided for some time at Chesnut, near London; where, in the year 1754, the subject of the following Memoirs was born. Affectionately anxious for the future welfare of his son, sir John spared no pains to form his young mind in the mould of virtue, by precepts the most instructive, and by examples the most animating. Charles, under the immediate guidance of his father, received a very excellent classical education; and was, at a proper season, sent into France, to perfect himself in the language of that country; a language which, from his youngest days, he had been exceedingly fond of, and which he speaks with the correctness and fluency of the most accomplished native.

On his return to England, he was placed under a medical gentleman in London; where he acquired some knowledge of pharmacy, and a sufficient idea of surgery to qualify him for the situation of a surgeon's mate in the sea service. In this capacity he remained during several voyages, which he made up the Mediterranean; and for a considerable time that he was stationed in the Archipelago. He has always been a man particularly attentive to every novelty which has pre-

* Mr. Murray has in his possession an invaluable MS. written by his father, for which the literary world would be highly obliged to him. It contains a circumstantial account of that important event, and throws a light upon the eventful period of 1744 and 1745, hitherto but confusedly known.

sented.

sented itself to him. His memory is, therefore, stored with many interesting and entertaining circumstances of that period of his life, particularly some perilous adventures which he had at *Smyrna*. These, in hours of conviviality, he has often related, in a manner that highly interested and astonished his friends.

In the year 1774, he was appointed at Liverpool, in whose infirmary he was a student, to a vessel bound to the coast of Guinea; but relinquished the post from a presentiment that he should not survive the fatal influence of the climate. Family disputes ensuing, he, in plain terms, ran from his friends; and encouraged by a few appearances he had made at a private theatre at Liverpool, he determined to quit the sea service, and venture on the stage. This intention he communicated to Mr. Younger (then manager of the Liverpool theatre); but there happening to be no vacancy at that time at his theatre, Mr. Younger sent him to York, and strongly recommended him to the attention of Mr. Wilkinson, as a young man who had never played, but who had very considerable promise. Mr. Murray being thus removed so near the seat of his father's exploits, thought proper, from family motives, to transpose the syllables of his name; and accordingly, Mr. RAY-MUR made his first appearance at York, April 21, 1775, in the character of CARLOS, in the FOP'S FORTUNE. The circumstances appertaining to this appearance, gave Mr. Wilkinson a strong predilection in favour of the future use he would be of to his theatre; while his performance of the character stamped his reputation as an actor. He had never read the play, nor seen it, before the part (which, to use the stage term, is *full fifteen lengths*, difficult and cramp study) was given him, two days previous to the performance. So apt was his study, and so strong his retention, that, after having had the part in his possession only twenty-four hours, he rehearsed it literally perfect, to the astonishment of every person present. From his extreme application to his

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profession,

profession, Mr. Wilkinfon embraced every opportunity of putting him forward, and, in a fhort time, there was fcarce a tragedy, comedy, or farce, in which young Raymur did not perform a principal character.

During his continuance with the York company, he became a very deferved favourite with the inhabitants of that city. And his ftay would, in all probability, have been confiderably prolonged, had not the following circumftance rendered fuch a meafure incompatible with his honour.

Being at Wakefield, in November, 1776, he received an infult at a tavern, aimed chiefly at his profeflion, which he repented with a becoming fpirit, confcious that he was not the aggreffor. The fucceeding play night a party was formed to *force* him to make a public confeffion; the play was *Alexander*: the party rage was levelled at Raymur, and a Mr. Eyles (whose real name was *Orde*) who had given the entertainment at the *Bull*, in the town above alluded to, in confequence of his coming into poffeffion of fome eftates. To detail the occafion of the quarrel would be tedious: it underwent the difcuffion of two juftices, and Raymur was fully acquitted. He was that evening to perform *Hefthion*, and Mr. Eyles *Lyfimachus*. On the opening of the play the tumult became general.—“Pardon” was the cry.—He fimply obferves, Mr. Eyles *acquiefced*!—Not fo Raymur. He flatly refufed—was driven off the ftage, and his part read by a Mr. Miel, late manager of the Worcefter theatre. The next night was the *Beaux Stratagem*. Raymur’s party infifted he *fhould play*.—A fcene of confufion took place.—He appeared booted to apologize, being on the eve of departure for Doncafter. His friends leaped from the boxes on the ftage, guarded the avenues of the wings, and forced him to go through the part without drefling, or fuffering the fhifting of a fcene. He played the part, and was that night efcorted by a large party to Doncafter.

He now followed the fea fervice for a fhort time; but

but meeting with disappointments, engaged with Mr. Griffith, manager of the Norwich theatre; where he resumed his real name, and played several years with such increasing reputation, as induced the Bath manager to offer him a very liberal salary at that theatre. It was accepted by Mr. Murray, and he made his first appearance in that company in the autumn of 1785.

The celebrity which he here acquired in first rate characters, soon made his abilities known to the London managers; and offers of a very liberal nature were repeatedly made him, but without effect. In the year 1796, however, the death of Mr. Farren having left an opening at Covent Garden, he was, by the earnest solicitation of some friends, prevailed upon to accept an engagement from Mr. Harris, for five years, upon very liberal terms.

This melancholy intelligence for the Bath audience, was first made known to them on the play bill for Mrs. Murray's benefit; where Mr. Murray notified his intention of delivering a farewell address. The house was crowded at an early hour; and, at the end of the play, he came forward under considerable embarrassment, occasioned by the tumultuous applause with which he was received, and addressed the audience nearly in the following words:

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

“Though I have long ruminated on the mode I should adopt on the present occasion, yet I felt that I *must* chiefly depend on the impulse of the moment! That moment is now arrived; and I truly feel it as the most anxious, I am certain it is the most eventful period of my life!

“Established in many friendly connections in this city; knitted in the closest ties of mutual regard with *all* behind the scenes; indulged and honoured by your continued favours and protection; the idea of foregoing such social comfort, and distinguished patronage, must

be distressing; and I could almost wish the *die* had not been cast.

"I venture to quit this situation for one in the metropolis.—The certain augmentation of my income has been my great allure.—I may add—ultimately to look up to an establishment for, perhaps, a widowed race, unforeseen calamity, or declining years,

When service shall my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.

"The change I confess to be the most serious, from an audience who would see none of my demerits, to *one* which may not, perhaps, conceal any of my defects.—Though I have the pleasing consolation of reflecting that generosity of sentiment, the characteristic of *Bath*, is the leading feature of a *London* auditory. But whatever may be my future lot, no change can obliterate the memory of repeated favours heaped on me by the generous inhabitants of this city.—Farewell!"

He was frequently interrupted during the course of his address, and at the conclusion, honoured with the most heartfelt plaudits of the whole house.—"A just tribute," says Mr. Meyler, "to a man of cultivated genius and understanding; who in all parts was respectable, and in some particular lines unrivalled. We shall lose in him a great actor, void of conceit and ostentation."

Mr. Murray, as an actor, possesses great powers. With a face admirably calculated to represent the passions, and a judgment capable of the nicest discrimination, he has been enabled to undertake the most arduous and intricate characters, and perform them to the entire satisfaction of the most fastidious critics. His voice is, unfortunately, not sufficiently powerful for great exertion in a large theatre: but this defect is amply compensated by the melody of its middle tones, and its incomparable force and sweetness in the pathetic. His Old
Norval

Norval was the most chaste and animated performance we have ever witnessed. It displayed the feelings of the venerable peasant so effectually, as to leave scarce a dry eye in the whole house. He acted—No: he did not *act*; nature, through him, displayed herself in such glowing colours, as to excite the liveliest emotions of compassion in our breasts for her sorrows, of pleasure at her rejoicing, and our most hearty sympathy in all her feelings. What is said of his performance of this part, will, with very little alteration, apply to his representation of all characters where genuine pathos is required. Those of them which we have had the pleasure to see, we, without hesitation, pronounce incomparably executed. The specimen of his talent for genteel comedy, which he gave us in the Guardian, was sufficient. We there plainly saw, that a gentleman *on* the stage had once more made its appearance; and that genteel comedy had again found a substantial pillar. Mr. Murray has been before us but a short time; we can not, therefore, pretend to say what the extent of his powers are. In Old Norval, Lufignan, Alcandor, and characters of a similar cast, we can safely pronounce him unrivalled; whilst his Heartly gives us strong reasons for conceiving the same of his gentlemen in comedy. Of his tragic heroes we can, as yet, say but little. We are happy, however, that the indisposition of Mr. Holman* puts it in our power to say, that he has great qualifications for the higher walk of tragedy. We should like to see his Roman Father, Macbeth, Lear, and Sciolto; being well convinced they must receive great force from his representation.

We shall here subjoin an elegant tribute paid to Mr. Murray's talents, by Mr. Colls, manager of the Worcester theatre, which appeared in the Bristol papers about the year 1787. It may serve to give some idea

* See our Dramatic Review of this month.

of his performance of those characters which we have expressed a wish to see him in. It is, at least, the effusion of a warm heart.

TO MR. CHARLES MURRAY.

To you I dedicate my lays,
Who well deserve the wreath of bays
Your brow is doom'd to wear :
Say then, my friend, will you refuse,
The free-will offering of a muse,
That joys to be sincere.

I love the merit that appears,
Surrounded by a thousand fears,
Left adverse fate prevail ;
For he who daringly proceeds
T' accomplish great or glorious deeds,
Through confidence may fail.

To paint the subtlety and rage
Of Shakspeare's hero on the stage,
Those slaves of wayward fate,
Demands no little share of art,
Join'd to a knowledge of the heart,
In each progressive state.

In stern Macbeth, ere Banquo dies,
See hope and fear alternate rise,
Superior to controul ;
And when the horrid deed takes place,
Guilt makes the features of his face
An index to his soul.

On surly Shylock's fordid breast,
Shakspeare's immortal muse impress,
Shrewd, cunning, and deceit :
Hence in pursuing of his aim,
The justice justifies his claim,
The villain stands complete.

When Leonato, hoary sage,
Bending beneath the weight of age,

Laments

Laments his daughter's shame;
Each feature of his face displays
The grief that in his bosom preys,
And wounds his mental frame.

'Tis in such characters as these,
In which but few have powers to please,
You were design'd to move.
Who better gives the taints of Lear,
When wrapt'd in frenzy and despair,
Or melting into love?

But tho' such parts you amply fill,
And Proteus like, can change at will,
To please or to surprize:
Full well you know, in common life,
He best can brave the storms of strife,
That's cloath'd in virtue's guise.

Still may you tread the drama's sphere,
And find with ev'ry circling year
The need of fame increase;
And as in acting you excell,
If you but play the Christian well,
You'll quit the world in peace.

Mr. Murray's private conduct is unexceptionable. It has, wherever he has chanced to reside, acquired him the friendship and esteem of the first characters. At Bath and Bristol, where his stay was something considerable, his connections were extensive and valuable. So rivetted, indeed, were his affections to a numerous acquaintance in both those places, that the powerful allurements of a large addition to his income, proved, repeatedly, too feeble to produce a separation. And when, at length, family considerations performed what mercenary views could not accomplish, he was separated from his endearing friends, personally indeed, but not in memory. That genuine friendship which for so long a time endeared them to each other, still animates his bosom with equal fervour, and makes him feel the most

most exalted of all blessings, that of having genuine and faithful friends.

We shall only add, that Mr. Murray has, by his exertions on the stage; by his conduct toward his family; and by his general behaviour in private life, proved himself to be at once the praiseworthy and enviable character of the excellent actor, the tender husband, the affectionate parent, and the sincere friend.

S.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. IX.]

The relation of brother and sister, especially if they do not marry, appears to me of a very singular nature. It is a familiar and tender friendship with a female much about our own age; an affection, perhaps, softened by the secret influence of sex, but pure from any mixture of sensual desire; the sole species of platonic love that can be indulged with truth, and without danger.

GIBBON.

THIS is a subject which has occupied the attention of the most refined ages of antiquity, and which seems peculiarly interesting to the present. For, while we are so busied in distinguishing, and so anxious to establish clear and correct ideas of individual right, it would be something more than culpable, if we were to neglect the moral relations of men, and those affections which, generally speaking, are more powerful than the firmest reasonings.

But there is a difficulty attending this discussion; a difficulty which is constituted by its delicacy. We are naturally led, in these enquiries, to points of a very delicate nature; but they are, nevertheless, points which we must view with perspicuity. That false delicacy which forms the basis of too many reputations, and which is rather the product of ignorance than the offspring of true refinement,

finement, must be discarded from this enquiry, as inconsistent with the purposes of truth, and therefore inimical to our design. On a great moral question, let us speak in the language of morality ; but with frankness, fortitude, and decision.

Love and friendship are eminently distinctive. Friendship is excellent, where love must be considered as depravity only, and that of the most foul signification : they have become, indeed, more used than understood, and they are often perplexed in the appropriation which we give them ; but all this does not lessen their first simplicity, their genuine designations. Friendship between man and man, is often a principle of the most exalted nature : not so love !—As to females, some writers who have not entertained the happiest notions of that sex, have determined them to be incapable of friendship in its best and lasting sense. These writers are rather invidious ; and it is much to be wondered at that they are supported in this opinion by the suffrages of a single woman. Such a support they have frequently had. It has been said, even by women, that their sex were of too trifling a temper to admit of real attachments. Ladies, it must be owned, are not unfriendly to trifles ; they are sometimes thought to admire them : but is this any thing strange, while we admire them for that very admiration ? and have not custom and education had some share in promoting this taste ? I am decidedly of opinion, that friendship may exist between females, and that of the highest order ; for I have known many examples of this kind. If women quarrel on the choice of a gown—men have done it on the choice of a coat : if, now and then, housewives differ in the art of roasting or boiling—are not we at eternal variance about the forms of society and government ? If they, on the subject of love, and the directions which that subject may take, find occasions of enmity and warfare ; is it wonderful that they presume to feel the object of their chief solicitude ? And have
men

no wranglings in these things? I believe that this parallel might be continued with every advantage to the reputation of the fair.

When a man however, transferring or extending his affections from his own sex to the feminine of his species, tells me, that he has a great friendship for such a lady; and when a lady, acting in the same manner as to females, avows the purest attachment, namely—friendship, for a gentleman; I begin to suspect these matters: and I wish to be satisfied of their veracity.

The “secret influence of sex,” if, as Mr. Gibbon thinks, it attaches even to that connection which subsists betwixt a brother and sister, can hardly be quit of the alliance now under discussion. It is often more nice than wise, to examine into particulars of this stamp. Where society are benefitted by the affability and condescensions of its rougher members, to the more tender and unprotected of its branches, as in the instance of family-relation, it is of no importance to us to discover the sources of this advantage, when such a discovery might put us out of humour.—

“Where ignorance is bliss,
’Tis folly to be wise.”

But here we have a different conduct, which justice obliges us to take. The sentiment which is virtue in one case, becomes vice in another. We are governed by situation. The most fashionable circles, it may be easily imagined, will not be pleased by an opposition to their schemes and doctrines. In those spheres the Platonic, as they term them, are perfectly convenient. Under these sanctions, a married lady may continue to intrigue, till she has lost every motive that can excite much attention in her *friends*, except the one for which she appeared to contend; till her *beauty* is gone, and she cannot be loved for *that*—till no one will believe her sincerities, and her *reputation* is known *only* to her husband.

This

This system has many advocates, for it is a kind of Proteus; it suits itself to every motive. Young people admire it, and proceed from admiration to practice: a very natural process. Some of them, I really believe, whose souls are fraught with beauty, and aim at perfection, take Platonism with the highest motives, and the brightest intentions. So long as it rests in the bosom of a young man (looking over a few unfortunate girls, who may chance to be less Platonic than himself) its effects may be harmless enough. With the fair it is fearfully otherwise. There are always a number of crafty men, who, being "honest in the gross, and knaves in the retail," can talk prettily of virtue, and romantic enough too, to fill the head of a romantic female, so as to play about the surface of her heart! all which may do very well in a *novel*; but it does not exactly suit with the *old* usages of life. Some people talk of females as of angels; but they do not treat them as such! For my part, the little observation which I have gleaned in the world, has taught me that they have a strong resemblance to ourselves: that they are actuated by nearly the same passions, that they aim at similar attainments; and that, so far from wishing to derange this harmony, they are every day seeking to confirm it.

Yet, though I agree in principle with Mr. Gibbon, I think that he has been too circumscribed in his definition.

Perhaps the historian of the Roman Empire had not leisure to be long in love: but he declares that he was once in that predicament; and, a very usual fate, that he was also disappointed. He comes to my question. When all hope of attaining the object of his affection was at an end; when, in fine, he beheld in her the wife of Necker, was every sentiment which he had once felt *then* eradicated from his heart? I think not. Every idea of being her husband must have vanished; but I should hope that he still esteemed her, in the most fervent and exalted manner. He regarded her, perhaps,

with a different sentiment to that which he felt for a sister, but a sentiment equally perfect. In this case, and where the heart is truly sacrificed to *one*, of either sex, the Platonic intimacy may be cultivated in respect to others; perhaps with much propriety—at least, without danger.

Within these *three* specifications, as it appears to me, our Platonism should be publicly limited. I am, I trust, far from austere in my principles: I think I could countenance every method of pleasure to ourselves, while it bore any resemblance to truth. But I dislike our insidious vices, which creep upon us in the form of virtues. And I think Platonism, when carried to excess, the most dangerous of this description. C.

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. X.]

HASTY RECOLLECTIONS OF UNFORTUNATE GENIUS.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

THOSE whose perception can pierce to the core of genius, folded and concealed in its obscurest covering, whose feelings are kindred to the sympathies of taste, and whose heart can respond to the sorrows of a cultivated mind, will have sometimes to mourn over some, who

—“Have felt the influence of malignant star,
And wag’d with fortune an eternal war;—”

who, possessing the energies of intellect, have exhibited them but at intervals, and always with a diminished power; who, after the languor which disappointed hopes have left in the soul, have, in despair, exerted a singular fortitude; till the human form itself yielding to its feverish existence, the invincible mind may be said to have survived amidst the ruins of its corporeal real

real frame, and that with the slow wastings and silent strokes of atrophy, it sinks with murmurs, unheard, into an oblivious grave. When such a character is a man of genius, we cannot forbear a sigh; but when, as now it is, an amiable female, it is in vain I seek for expression!

With such a character was I lately acquainted: our acquaintance was casual and interrupted; but her death revives those recollections, and the perusal of one of her works gives me the history of her life, which till this moment I knew not.

Miss Eliza Ryves was descended from a family of distinction in Ireland. She was deprived of an affluent independence, by the unfavourable decision of a law-suit; or, as she expressed it, "she had been deprived of her birth-right by the chicanery of law." She informed me of the nature of the circumstance, and, as much as I recollect, the female part of the family had been left with a magnificent portion, while the paternal estate had gone to support the name and honour of an elder brother. But in this statement I may not be correct. The little she had was, however, expended in the law-suit.

I first met with her at the British Museum. The singularity of her occupation could not fail of exciting curiosity. She had before her the superb and voluminous manuscript of old Froissart, the historian, which she seemed to translate. Lord Berner's version, published in the reign of Henry VIII. lay at her side. It was evident that his lordship was employed by our authoress as a spy on Froissart, to inform her of what was going forward in the French camp; but his lordship himself, wanted an interpreter, and spoke in a language not much more intelligible than was the ancient French of Froissart.

Literature was a magnet that equally attracted us. She was known and esteemed by a friend of mine; and the gift of some of her poems proved to me that she was

no vulgar writer. Some visits were reciprocally given. It was in these I partially learned her misfortunes, and admired the singular exertions of her literary powers. In her former hours of tranquillity, she had published two volumes of poems, which are harmonious and elegant. Her poetical talent was, however, improved, I think, after this publication, and the close of these recollections will afford a proof of the pathetic tenderness of her mind. She had written a tragedy, and several comedies, which were all in MS. But latterly, when her distresses were of the most urgent nature, she looked up to her pen for a resource. We can easily conceive the impediments which a female must encounter, in her attempts of trafficking with booksellers. She has frequently returned from their shops, to hasten to her bed; exhausted by misery, she sought, in a disturbed repose, some temporary oblivion of her grief; but even the dreams of the unfortunate, with a cruel sport of the imagination, revive and prolong the miseries of the day.

She told me she had written, for a newspaper, much political matter, for which she had been ill paid; much poetry for another, in which she had been one of the correspondents of *Della Crusca*; and in payment of her verses, got nothing but verses: but the most astonishing exertion from a female pen, was that of having composed, entirely, the historical and political parts of some annual work; which I suspect was an annual register.

All these laborious exertions were not profitable. A bookseller advised her to adopt the mode of translation. She was ignorant of the French language. She purchased some elementary works, retired to an obscure part of Islington, and in less than two months she acquired the language sufficiently to give the public a version of Rousseau's "*Social Compact*:" which, I am told, is well translated; but which, I fear, sold little. Afterwards, she translated the Abbé Raynal's *Letter to the National Assembly*; and, at length, *De la Croix's*
"Review

"Review of the Constitutions of the Principal States in Europe," with intelligent notes, in two thick volumes, 8vo. These indefatigable and masculine attempts for an honest independence were all fruitless; they not only left her as they found her, but with a health now much broken, and with spirits now almost exhausted.

During her labours of translation, Hope had breathed a whisper in her lonely ear. For some years her comedies were in possession of the hands of the managers, who found in them too much merit to refuse them a representation. Year passed over year, and the last always promised her a crowded audience, and an annual fame. I was favoured with a reading of her "Debt of Honour," the comedy from which the greatest expectations had been formed. It had been bandied from one house to another; Covent Garden and Drury Lane, had both approved it; but want of patronage, perhaps, had retarded their acceptance of it. "I feel (said Miss Ryves) the necessity of some powerful patronage to bring them forward to the world with *eclat*, and secure them an admiration, which, should it even be deserved, is seldom bestowed, unless some leading judge of literary merit gives the sanction of his applause; and then the world will chime in with his opinion, without taking the trouble to inform themselves whether it be founded in justice or partiality." Here is much truth of importance to literary persons. It is astonishing how many fine pieces of composition are written by some men of letters, who are now neglected, and whose talents are, perhaps, equal to the first literary works, which they will never undertake, because they have not the skill of flattering the face of patronage, and resolutely refuse to practise the artifices of some favourites of literary fashion, who enjoy an usurped reputation.

Of this comedy I can now recollect little. There was also present a beautiful woman, whose penetrating eyes, expressive manners, and interesting character, made me all eye. I listened but little to the five long acts.

What an error in the authorefs, to place me near a form diffufing all the enchantment of beauty ! A man placed between two females, is but an indifferent auditor at the recitation of a play. This notice may be of ufe to future recitators. In this comedy there certainly was no *vis comica*.

It was, I fear, deficient in a vigorous conception of character, and diverfification of incident ; it might be elegant, but not pointed and brilliant : sentimental it certainly was ; but there was a monotony, which was not interrupted by gaiety that exhilarates, and humour that provokes our laughter. Alas ! the authorefs, whatever might be her talents, had never an opportunity to perfect them. It was in sorrow ſhe compoſed comedies, and her fine taſte diſdained to employ that ſtage artifice, and thoſe temporary circumſtances, which now diſgrace our modern theatre. To the credit of the manager of one of the theatres, when he returned her comedy, ſhe was preſented with a bank note of a hundred pounds.

Like a perfume that has been cruſhed and bruifed, ſhe now breathed forth her laſt ſweets in a work of imagination. It is a little volume, entitled, “ The Hermit of Snowden.” A tale formed on a very delicate and not unfrequent act of the mind of a man of great refinement in love. Albert, the hermit, having felt, when opulent and fashionable, a paſſion for Lavinia, meets from her the kindeſt return. But having imbibed an ill opinion of women, from his licentious connections, he conceived they were ſlaves of paſſion or of avarice. He wrongs the generous nature of Lavinia, by ſuſpecting her of mercenary views. Hence ariſes the ingenuous perplexities of the hearts of both. Lavinia is reduced to poverty, and Albert affects to be alike ruined, and ſpreads a report of an advantageous match. Lavinia feels all the delicacy of her ſituation, ſhe loves, but “ ſhe never told her love.” She ſeeks her exiſtence from her literary labours, and dies the
victim

victim of her sensibility, and the suspicions of Albert. The danger of trifling with a feeling heart is admirably moralized.

This little volume is well written, and curiosity is interested to the last page. But a new interest arises when we know that the history of Lavinia must be the history of Eliza Ryves.—Whether the passion of Albert or Lavinia was verified in the person of the authoress, I know not. Miss Ryves was not beautiful or interesting in her person; and when there is no personal beauty or elegance, it is difficult to conceive how a romantic passion can be felt, with all its enthusiasm, by any man. Love is a mingled desire of sensual gratification and intellectual sympathy; any other love never racks and rends the heart; it may breathe itself in sonnets, it may play about the head, but the heart remains cold and inert.

If we except the passion and events of Albert, all the rest describes the situation and pursuits of this amiable and unhappy woman. The dreadful solitude to which she was latterly condemned, when in the last stages of her poverty; her frugal mode of life; her acute sensations; her defrauded hopes, and her exalted fortitude. She has here formed a register of all that occurred to her solitary existence. Not without a tear, could I read an expression, and a circumstance, which speak so well and so finely. I shall write the parts I allude to, and which, I may add, is a scene at which I was present.

Lavinia's lodgings were about two miles from town, in an obscure situation. I was showed up to a mean apartment, where Lavinia was sitting at work, and in a dress which indicated the greatest economy. I enquired what success she had met with in her dramatic pursuits? She waved her head, and with a melancholy smile, replied, "that her hopes of ever bringing any piece on the stage were now entirely over; for she found,

found, that more interest was necessary for the purpose than she could command; and that she had, for that reason, laid aside her comedy for ever." While she was talking, came in a favourite dog of Lavinia's, which I had used to caress. The creature sprung to my arms, and I received him with my usual fondness. Lavinia endeavoured to conceal a tear, which trickled down her cheek. Afterwards she says, "Now that I live entirely alone, I show Juno more attention than I had used to do formerly. *The heart wants something to be kind to*,—and it consoles us for the loss of society, to see even an animal derive happiness from the endearments we bestow upon it."—

The heart wants something to be kind to!—O, eloquent truth! What sensibility in this sweet and sympathetic expression! What delicacy in the circumstance! How must it be experienced by the forrowing and forsaken female, who, like Eliza Ryves, was virtuous amidst her despair, and evinced an heroic fortitude, while her soul shuddered with all the delicacy of a feminine softness.

I have not yet finished what I have to observe on this little volume. The authoress, with the melancholy sagacity of genius, foresaw, and has described her own death! The affecting manner of Lavinia's death, occasioned by a broken heart, was strictly that of Eliza Ryves; in the fiction, Lavinia dies of a broken heart, occasioned by a disappointed passion, and an individual neglect; in truth, Eliza Ryves died of disappointment and neglect; and when the heart is literally broken, whether it was love or grief, it will signify nothing.

I believe this volume procured no temporary aid to its authoress's poverty. I have in vain sought for it in our journals; and not being there noticed, shows the extreme obscurity with which it was ushered into the literary world.

I shall conclude these hasty recollections with something

thing that will interest the reader of sensibility with more pathos than I can afford. Miss Ryves favoured me with the following stanzas, a short time before her death, with a significant gesture, which too plainly expressed who was the object of her melancholy muse. The verse is very elegant and flowing; but the circumstance is much more interesting than the verse:

A SONG,

BY ELIZA RYVES.

"A new-fallen lamb, as mild Emmeline past,
In pity she turn'd to behold,
How it shiver'd and shrunk from the merciless blast,
Then fell all benumb'd with the cold.

She rais'd it, and touch'd by the innocent's fate,
Its soft form to her bosom she prest;
But the tender relief was afforded too late,
It bleated, and died on her breast.

The moralist then, as the corse she resign'd,
And, weeping, spring flowers o'er it laid,
Thus mused, "So it fares with the delicate mind,
"To the tempests of fortune betray'd.

"Too tender, like thee, the rude shock to sustain,
"And deny'd the relief which would save;
"'Tis lost, and when pity and kindness are vain,
"Thus we dress the poor sufferer's grave."

These last lines seem to reproach me, as I form these Hasty Recollections. Alas! I hardly knew thee—and now I know thee too late. Vain and impotent rite! I would now scatter some living roses over the pale ashes of the dead!

MR. MATTHISON'S DESCRIPTION OF THE LATE
MR. GIBBON, WHOM HE VISITED WHILE IN
THE PAYS DE VAUD.

YESTERDAY waited on Mr. Gibbon, his figure is very striking. He is tall, of athletic make, and rather awkward when he moves. His face forms one of the most singular physiognomical phenomena, owing to the irregular proportion of the parts to the whole. The eyes are so little as peculiarly to contrast with his high and finely arched forehead; while the nose, inclining to flatness, almost vanishes between the cheeks, which project exceedingly. The double chin hanging down very low, renders the elliptic shape of his long face still more remarkable: yet, in spite of these irregularities, Mr. Gibbon's countenance has an uncommon expression of dignity, which, at first sight, bespeaks the profound and acute reasoner. Nothing exceeds the glowing animation of his eyes. In his conversation and manner, he is quite the polite gentleman; civil, but cold. He speaks French with elegance; and, which is truly surprising in an Englishman, pronounces it nearly like a Parisian man of letters. He listens to his own accents with great complacency, and talks slowly, as if carefully examining each phrase before he gives it utterance. With the same composed countenance, he speaks on agreeable and on disagreeable subjects, on joyful and on melancholy events. During the whole of our conversation, the muscles of his face remained unaltered; though a very ludicrous incident, which he had occasion to relate, might naturally have drawn a smile from him. In his house, the strictest punctuality and order prevail; and his domestics must expect to be dismissed if they perform not their business almost at the stated moment. Of this exactness he sets them the example himself. His day is divided like that of king Alfred. As the clock strikes, he goes to business, to dinner, or sees company;

company; always taking the utmost care not to spend one minute beyond the time set apart for the occasion. A hair-dresser was discarded for coming a few minutes past seven o'clock. His successor, thinking to make sure of the punctual customer, called a little *before* seven, and met the same fate. The third, who stepped into the house as the clock was striking, was retained.

Mr. Gibbon is now engaged in taking a catalogue of his library, which abounds in valuable works, especially in good editions of the classics, and which is generally considered as one of the most excellent collections of books that ever was in the possession of any literary man. The first performance, by which he ushered himself into the republic of letters, appeared in French, at a very early period of his life. He told me that this little treatise, though consisting but of a few sheets, had lately, at a public sale, been knocked down for the extravagant price of two guineas. It was in the ruins of the capitol, that he conceived the first idea of writing on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; and he has, with manly perseverance, travelled over one of the most rugged roads that ever author ventured to explore.

From ancient English literature, in which he appears to be exceedingly well read, the conversation soon turned to the state of letters in Germany. Mr. Gibbon, although one of the best scholars of the age, whom nothing has escaped that England, France, Italy, and Spain, have produced, in almost every branch of learning, seemed to be but superficially informed with respect to our language and literature. That the Germans actually copy ancient metres, is a fact that had never come to his ears. He cited Algarotti, who, in his treatise on rhyme, takes notice of the Germans, but only enumerates the unsuccessful attempts at pure hexameters made by the English, French, and Italians. This induced me to give him a succinct history of the German language, and of its rapid improvement, which I concluded with informing him of a German *Odyssey*,

in which the translator had preserved, not only the same metre and number of lines, but in many hexameters even the feet of the original. My memory being faithful enough to furnish me with the two following lines on Sisyphus rolling up the stone (from the xith book of the *Odyssæy*), I recited them, both in Greek and German:

Λᾶαν βασιλάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρωσιν:

Einen schweren Marmor mit grosser Gewalt forthebend.

Αὖτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κηλίνδεο λᾶας ἀναυδής.

Hurtig mit Donnergewolter entrollte der tückische Marmor.

Though unacquainted with the German idiom, and judging merely from the impression which these hexameters made on his ear, he admitted the masterly fabric of them. He indeed made me repeat them several times, and I am unable sufficiently to express his astonishment. He immediately conceived such an high opinion of the improvement of our language, and of the "gigantic steps of our literature," as he expressed himself, that he resolved to learn German, as soon as he should enjoy a greater portion of leisure than he then possessed.

LITERARY ENQUIRIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

"LUKE'S Iron Crown"—Goldsmith's Traveller. What is the fact here alluded to? Where is an account of the fact to be found?

"Lydiat's Life"—Dr. Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*. Who was Lydiat, and for what remarkable? "*Not Scuth Guiridh, but y Scuth Gogh.*" Spenser's *F. Q.* b. ii. cant. 10. st. 24.

What are the meaning of these words?

Historians have left us in the dark respecting the reasons (some there doubtless were) of the mercy extended

tended to the earl of Cromartie, while the more amiable Kilmarnock was given up to the stroke of the executioner—What were those reasons?

So far as I know, the world has never been favoured with authentic memoirs, nor a portrait of the greatest of our humorous poets, Christopher Anstey, the bard of Bath. It would be a gratification to several to be favoured with them.

* * Any person having a neat and perfect copy of Hawes's Pastime of Pleasures, which would be disposed of, may hear of a purchaser, by informing the Editor of the price that will be expected for it.

ON GENTILITY.

NEVER was the idea of gentility so generally misunderstood as in the present day; and never did a greater multitude claim that character of a gentleman, which so few deserve. To be a gentleman was, formerly, an arduous task. A gentleman by *descent*, required a line of illustrious ancestors, to the glory of which he was to add by his life; while, on the contrary, the least spot upon his honour involved his race in ignominy. To him the advantage of birth was a spur of emulation; and every moment of his life was sacrificed to the pursuits of honour. Although as a *nominal gentleman*, he might not blot the memory of his ancestors; yet, intent only on the establishment of his future fame, as the founder of a line which was to form another link to the brilliant circle of gentility, he was doubly solicitous of performing the duties which his station devolved.

But we, wiser than our silly forefathers, have levelled the distinctions of great and good men so low, that it is now, to a feeling mind, almost ignominy to desire that name which was once so deservedly esteemed. We have been eager to encrease the number of gen-

tlemen, without discriminating who ought to be honoured with that name. Indeed there is, at present, more difficulty to be a respectable tradesman, than of that motley character known in the metropolis by the name of gentleman.

A gentleman of old, had already, from the die of nature, received the exterior of the exalted station which he was to possess. Liberality of education, and sentiments of the highest dignity, were the only means by which he was ushered into the circles then called polite. Attentive gallantry to the fair sex, softened that warlike spirit which glowed within the breasts of that age; blest with honour, they sunk back into the arms of a peaceful, but by no means an inglorious sleep.

In these enlightened days, however, when the character of a gentleman is established by the united efforts of his tradesmen, and when his manners partake of the elegance of the lowest class of men, a gentleman has other cares than those which our ancestors knew. He has the fashionable world to live in; the least inattention to which precludes him from holding any rank in that elegant mob, termed the *ton*. His chief study is dress: and when he approaches the fair sex, it is with the view to shew himself as a peacock, or to offend them by the *delicate* conversation of the times. Besides, the bottle, that generous dissipater of care, must not be forgotten. It is ungentee not to be inebriated; only care must be taken that it is not done in *porter*, as that *only* is unbecoming. Not to mention the manly and noble occupations of gaming, lounging, and rowing. In short, the study of the modern gentry seems to be to put themselves on an equal footing with the dregs of the people, but to do it in a *gentee* way.

True, as the great Burke says, "the age of chivalry is gone." The genius of Albion is fled. No more doth the noble-hearted youth follow the floating banner for his country; no more does generous fire warm the bosoms of our warriors, and steel them against the horde

horde of barbarians which the times and erroneous opinions have let loose upon the world. No more doth the trumpet's sound ennoble the minds of gentlemen to stand forth, from motives of patriotism, in defence of these hallowed shores.

Our great ancestors, who on the plains of Cressy, Agincourt, and even Ramillies, reflected immortal honour on the British empire, may now blush—when they see a modern English gentleman, and a soldier, whose pride is his dress; whose character and morality are beneath criticism, whose most joyful sound is the rattling of dice, and most valorous feats the kicking of a waiter.

Had Hampden and Sidney beheld, even a prototype of the modern soldier, who, while bedaubing his body with perfumes, is sunk in the most infamous libertinism, they would have sighed for the fate of their country, but they would have despaired of assisting her liberties.

Took's Court,
19th Sept. 1797.

JOHN FREDERIC RUNKEL.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE EDMUND BURKE.

(Continued from page 252.)

THE writings and speeches of Mr. Burke, are,

1. A Vindication of Natural Society, in Imitation of Bolingbroke.
2. A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.
3. A Short Account of a late Short Administration.
4. Observations on a Publication, intituled, "The present State of the Nation."
5. Thoughts on the Cause of the present Discontents.

D d 2

6. Letter

6. Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol on the Affairs of America, 1777.

7. Two Letters to Gentlemen in Bristol, on the Bills depending in Parliament relative to the Affairs of Ireland, 1778.

8. Reflections on the Revolution in France, and on the Proceedings of certain Societies in London relative to that Event.

9. Letter to a Member of the National Assembly.

10. Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs.

11. Letter to a Peer of Ireland on the Penal Laws against Irish Catholics.

12. Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe.

13. Letter from the Right Honourable Edmund Burke to a Noble Lord, on the Attacks made upon him and his Pension, in the House of Lords, by the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale.

14. Two Letters addressed to a Member of the present Parliament, on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France.

15. Letter to his Grace the Duke of Portland: containing Fifty-four Articles of Impeachment against the Right Honourable C. J. Fox.

COLLECTED SPEECHES.

1. On American Taxation, 1774.

2. On his Arrival at Bristol, 1774.

3. At the Conclusion of the Poll, on his being declared duly elected, November 3, 1774.

4. On moving his Resolutions for Conciliation with the Colonies, March 22, 1775.

5. On a Plan for the better Security of the Independence of Parliament, and the economical Reformation of the Civil, and other Establishments, February 11, 1780.

6. At Bristol, previous to the Election, 1780.

7. On the East India Bill, December 1, 1783.

8. On

8. On the Nabob of Arcot's Debts, February 28, 1785.

9. Representation to His Majesty, moved in the House of Commons, June 14, 1784.

10. Substance of the Speech on the Army Estimates, February 9, 1790.

His Vindication of Natural Society has ever been considered as a master-piece of deception. It came near enough to Bolingbroke, in imitation of whom it was done, to cheat even the admirers of that nobleman. Nor does it effect all this at the cost of truth. While it professes the destruction of governments, by a specious and general crimination, it is so artfully contrived as to evince, at the same instant, the futility of what is thus advanced. We conclude our observations on this production, with a sentence from the preface. "Even in matters which are, as it were, just within our reach, what would become of the world if the practice of all moral duties, and the foundations of society, rested upon having their reasons made clear and demonstrative to every individual?"

Of the Enquiry on the Sublime and Beautiful, we have spoken in the beginning of these Memoirs.

No publication of Mr. Burke's has been more celebrated than his Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents. By the patriots of that day it was, at least, as highly esteemed, as it has been quoted by the patriots of this. It unveiled, with a discriminating hand, the hidden sources of our national misfortunes: it revealed to us a double cabinet.

"The first part of the reformed plan was to draw a line which should separate the court from the ministry. Hitherto these names had been looked upon as synonymous; but for the future, court and administration were to be considered as things totally distinct. By this operation, two systems of administration were to be formed; one which should be in the real secret and confidence; the other merely offensive, to perform the official and executory duties of government. The

latter were alone to be responsible; whilst the real advisers, who enjoyed all the power, were effectually removed from all the danger.

"Secondly, *A party under these leaders was to be formed in favour of the court against the ministry*: this party was to have a large share in the emoluments of government, and to hold it totally separate from, and independent of, ostensible administration.

"The third point, and that on which the success of the whole scheme ultimately depended, was *to bring parliament to an acquiescence in this project*. Parliament was therefore to be taught by degrees a total indifference to the persons, rank, influence, abilities, connexions, and character, of the ministers of the crown. By means of a discipline, on which I shall say more hereafter, that body was to be habituated to the most opposite interests, and the most discordant politics. All connections and dependencies among subjects were to be entirely dissolved. As hitherto business had gone through the hands of leaders of Whigs or Tories, men of talents to conciliate the people, and engage to their confidence; now the method was to be altered, and the lead was to be given to men of no sort of consideration or credit in the country. This want of natural importance was to be their very title to delegated power. Members of parliament were to be hardened into an insensibility to pride as well as to duty. Those high and haughty sentiments, which are the great support of independence, were to be let down gradually. Point of honour and precedence were no more to be regarded in parliamentary decorum, than in a Turkish army. It was to be avowed as a constitutional maxim, that the king might appoint one of his footmen, or one of your footmen, for minister; and that he ought to be, and that he would be, as well followed as the first name for rank or wisdom in the nation. Thus parliament was to look on, as if perfectly unconcerned, while a cabal of the closet and backstairs was substituted in the place of national administration."

"A minister of state will sometimes keep himself totally estranged from all his colleagues; will differ from them in their councils, will privately traverse, and publicly oppose, their measures. He will, however, continue in his employment. Instead of suffering any mark of displeasure, he will be distinguished by an unbounded profusion of court rewards
and

and caresses ; because he does what is expected, and all that is expected, from men in office. He helps to keep some form of administration in being, and keeps it at the same time as weak and divided as possible."

"Constitute government how you please, infinitely the greater part of it must depend upon the exercise of the powers which are left at large to the prudence and uprightness of ministers of state. Even all the use and potency of the laws depends upon them. Without them, your commonwealth is no better than a scheme upon paper ; and not a living, acting, effective constitution. It is possible, that through negligence, or ignorance, or design, artfully conducted, ministers may suffer one part of government to languish, another to be perverted from its purposes, and every valuable interest of the country to fall into ruin and decay, without possibility of fixing any single act on which a criminal prosecution can be justly grounded. The due arrangement of men in the active part of the state, far from being foreign to the purposes of a wise government, ought to be among its very first and dearest objects. When, therefore, the abettors of the new system tell us, that between them and their opposers there is nothing but a struggle for power, and that therefore we are no ways concerned in it ; we must tell those who have the impudence to insult us in this manner, that of all things we ought to be the most concerned, who, and what sort of men they are, that hold the trust of every thing that is dear to us. Nothing can render this a point of indifference to the nation, but what must either render us totally desperate, or soothe us into the security of ideots. We must soften into a credulity below the milkiness of infancy, to think all men virtuous. We must be tainted with a malignity truly diabolical, to believe all the world to be equally wicked and corrupt. Men are in public life as in private, some good, some evil. The elevation of the one, and the depression of the other, are the first objects of all true policy. But that form of government, which, neither in its direct institutions, nor in their immediate tendency, has contrived to throw its affairs into the most trust-worthy hands, but has left its whole executory system to be disposed of agreeably to the uncontrouled pleasure of any one man, however excellent or virtuous, is a plan of polity defective not only in that member, but consequentially erroneous in every part of it."

Our

Our Constitution.

"The popular election of magistrates, and popular disposition of rewards and honours, is one of the first advantages of a free state. Without it, or something equivalent to it, perhaps the people cannot long enjoy the substance of freedom; certainly none of the vivifying energy of good government. The frame of our commonwealth did not admit of such an actual election: but it provided as well, and (while the spirit of the constitution is preserved) better for all the effects of it than by the method of suffrage in any democratic state whatsoever. It had always, until of late, been held the first duty of parliament, *to refuse to support government until power was in the hands of persons who were acceptable to the people, or while factions predominated in the court in which the nation had no confidence.* Thus all the good effects of popular election were supposed to be secured to us, without the mischiefs attending on perpetual intrigue, and a distinct canvass for every particular office throughout the body of the people. This was the most noble and refined part of our constitution. The people, by their representatives and grandees, were intrusted with a deliberative power in making laws; the king with the controul of his negative. The king was intrusted with the deliberative choice and the election to office; the people had the negative in a parliamentary refusal to support. Formerly this power of controul was what kept ministers in awe of parliaments, and parliaments in reverence with the people. If the use of this power of controul on the system and persons of administration is gone, every thing is lost, parliament and all. We may assure ourselves, that if parliament will tamely see evil men take possession of all the strong holds of their country, and allow them time and means to fortify themselves, under a pretence of giving them a fair trial, and upon a hope of discovering whether they will not be reformed by power, and whether their measures will not be better than their morals; such a parliament will give countenance to their measures also, whatever that parliament may pretend, and whatever those measures may be.

"Every good political institution must have a preventive operation as well as a remedial. It ought to have a natural tendency to exclude bad men from government, and not to
trust

trust for the safety of the state to subsequent punishment alone: punishment, which has ever been tardy and uncertain; and which, when power is suffered in bad hands, may chance to fall rather on the injured than the criminal.

"Before men are put forward into the great trusts of the state, they ought by their conduct to have obtained such a degree of estimation in their country, as may be some sort of pledge and security to the public, that they will not abuse those trusts. It is no mean security for a proper use of power, that a man has shewn by the general tenor of his actions, that the affection, the good opinion, the confidence of his fellow citizens have been among the principal objects of his life; and that he has owed none of the gradations of his power or fortune to a settled contempt, or occasional forfeiture of their esteem.

"That man who before he comes into power has no friends, or who coming into power is obliged to desert his friends, or who losing it, has no friends to sympathize with him; he who has no sway among any part of the landed or commercial interest, but whose whole importance has begun with his office, and is sure to end with it; is a person who ought never to be suffered by a controuling parliament to continue in any of those situations which confer the lead and direction of all our public affairs; because such a man *has no connection with the interest of the people.*

"Those knots or cabals of men who have got together, avowedly without any public principle, in order to sell their conjunct iniquity at a higher rate, and are therefore universally odious, ought never to be suffered to domineer in the state; because they have *no connection with the sentiments and opinions of the people.*"

"The house of commons was supposed originally to be *no part of the standing government of this country.* It was considered as a *controul*, issuing immediately from the people, and speedily to be resolved into the mass from whence it arose. In this respect it was in the higher part of government what juries are in the lower. The capacity of a magistrate being transitory, and that of a citizen permanent, the latter capacity it was hoped would of course preponderate in all discussions, not only between the people and the standing authority of the crown, but between the people and the fleeting authority of the
house

house of commons itself. It was hoped that, being of a middle nature between subject and government, they would feel with a more tender and a nearer interest every thing that concerned the people, than the other remoter and more permanent parts of legislature.

“ Whatever alterations time and the necessary accommodation of business may have introduced, this character can never be sustained, unless the house of commons shall be made to bear some stamp of the actual disposition of the people at large. It would (among public misfortunes) be an evil more natural and tolerable, that the house of commons should be infected with every epidemical phrensy of the people, as this would indicate some consanguinity, some sympathy of nature with their constituents, than that they should in all cases be wholly untouched by the opinions and feelings of the people out of doors. By this want of sympathy they would cease to be an house of commons. For it is not the derivation of the power of that house from the people, which makes it in a distinct sense their representative. The king is the representative of the people; so are the lords; so are the judges. They all are trustees for the people, as well as the commons; because no power is given for the sole sake of the holder; and although government certainly is an institution of divine authority, yet its forms, and the persons who administer it, all originate from the people

“ A popular origin cannot therefore be the characteristic distinction of a popular representative. This belongs equally to all parts of government, and in all forms. The virtue, spirit, and essence of a house of commons, consists in its being the express image of the feelings of the nation. It was not instituted to be a controul *upon* the people, as of late it has been taught by a doctrine of the most pernicious tendency. It was designed as a controul *for* the people. Other institutions have been formed for the purpose of checking popular excesses; and they are, I apprehend, fully adequate to their object. If not, they ought to be made so. The house of commons, as it was never intended for the support of peace and subordination, is miserably appointed for that service; having no stronger weapon than its mace, and no better officer than its serjeant at arms, which it can command of its own proper authority. A vigilant and jealous eye over executory and judicial magistracy; an

an anxious care of public money, an openness, approaching towards facility, to public complaint: these seem to be the true characteristics of an house of commons. But an addressing house of commons, and a petitioning nation; an house of commons full of confidence, when the nation is plunged in despair; in the utmost harmony with ministers, whom the people regard with the utmost abhorrence; who vote thanks, when the public opinion calls upon them for impeachments; who are eager to grant, when the general voice demands account; who, in all disputes between the people and administration, presume against the people; who punish their disorders, but refuse even to enquire into the provocations to them; this is an unnatural, a monstrous state of things in this constitution. Such an assembly may be a great, wise, awful senate; but it is not to any popular purpose an house of commons. This change from an immediate state of procuration and delegation to a course of acting as from original power, is the way in which all the popular magistracies in the world have been perverted from their purposes. It is indeed their greatest and sometimes their incurable corruption. For there is a material distinction between that corruption by which particular points are carried against reason, (this is a thing which cannot be prevented by human wisdom, and is of less consequence) and the corruption of the principle itself. For then the evil is not accidental, but settled. The distemper becomes the natural habit."

With this passage, which in the main is so highly and justly wrought, a few questions must intrude on the impartial mind. If we accede to the whole description, the house of commons may, indeed, be a *representative*, but hardly a *deliberative* body. Is it then to keep no check on popular frenzy, while it watches with a becoming eye the windings of an intriguing administration? It is happily placed betwixt popular outrage and ministerial artifice; and so long as it shall last, unaffected by both, it will essentially preserve our constitutional vigour.

Reform.

Reform.

"The first ideas which generally suggest themselves, for the cure of parliamentary disorders, are to shorten the duration of parliaments; and to disqualify all, or a great number of placemen, from a seat in the house of commons. Whatever efficacy there may be in those remedies, I am sure in the present state of things it is impossible to apply them. A restoration of the right of free election is a preliminary indispensable to every other reformation. What alterations ought afterwards to be made in this constitution, is a matter of deep and difficult research.

"If I wrote merely to please the popular palate, it would indeed be as little troublesome to me as to another, to extol those remedies, so famous in speculation, but to which their greatest admirers have never attempted seriously to resort in practice. I confess, then, that I have no sort of reliance upon either a triennial parliament, or a place-bill. With regard to the former, perhaps it might rather serve to counteract, than to promote the ends that are proposed by it. To say nothing of the horrible disorders among the people attending frequent elections, I should be fearful of committing, every three years, the independent gentlemen of the country into a contest with the treasury. It is easy to see which of the contending parties would be ruined first. Whoever has taken a careful view of public proceedings, so as to endeavour to ground his speculations on his experience, must have observed how prodigiously greater the power of ministry is in the first and last session of a parliament, than it is in the intermediate period, when members sit a little firm on their seats. The persons of the greatest parliamentary experience, with whom I have conversed, did constantly, in canvassing the fate of questions, allow something to the court side, upon account of the elections depending or imminent. The evil complained of, if it exists in the present state of things, would hardly be removed by a triennial parliament: for, unless the influence of government in elections can be entirely taken away, the more frequently they return, the more they will harass private independence; the more generally men will be compelled to fly to the settled systematic

tematic interest of government, and to the resources of a boundless civil list. Certainly something may be done, and ought to be done, towards lessening that influence in elections; and this will be necessary upon a plan either of longer or shorter duration of parliament. But nothing can so perfectly remove the evil, as not to render such contentions too frequently repeated, utterly ruinous first to independence of fortune, and then to independence of spirit. As I am only giving an opinion on this point, and not at all debating it in an adverse line, I hope I may be excused in another observation. With great truth I may aver, that I never remember to have talked on this subject with any man much conversant with public business, who considered short parliaments as a real improvement of the constitution. Gentlemen, warm in a popular cause, are ready enough to attribute all the declarations of such persons to corrupt motives. But the habit of affairs, if, on one hand, it tends to corrupt the mind, furnishes it, on the other, with the means of better information. The authority of such persons will always have some weight. It may stand upon a par with the speculations of those who are less practised in business; and who, with perhaps purer intentions, have not so effectual means of judging. It is, besides, an effect of vulgar and puerile malignity, to imagine, that every statesman is of course corrupt, and that his opinion, upon every constitutional point, is solely formed upon some sinister interest.

"The next favourite remedy is a place-bill. The same principle guides in both; I mean the opinion which is entertained by many of the infallibility of laws and regulations, in the cure of public distempers. Without being as unreasonably doubtful as many are unwisely confident, I will only say, that this also is a matter very well worthy of serious and mature reflection. It is not easy to foresee, what the effect would be, of disconnecting with parliament the greatest part of those who hold civil employments, and of such mighty and important bodies as the military and naval establishments. It were better, perhaps, that they should have a corrupt interest in the forms of the constitution, than that they should have none at all. This is a question altogether different from the disqualification of a particular description of revenue officers from seats in parliament; or, perhaps, of all the lower sorts of them from votes in elections. In the former case, only the few are ef-

fects; in the latter, only the inconsiderable. But a great official, a great professional, a great military and naval interest, all necessarily comprehending many people of the first weight, ability, wealth, and spirit, has been gradually formed in the kingdom. These new interests must be let into a share of representation, else possibly they may be inclined to destroy those institutions of which they are not permitted to partake. This is not a thing to be trifled with; nor is it every well-meaning man that is fit to put his hands to it."

Who will say that these declarations of Mr. Burke, though written on the start of his public life, are not, in fact, substance, and effect, the same as those with which he has finished his course? He now proceeds at large, in his disapprobation of our reforming measures. This he does in a manner so forcible, and so firmly distant from all the late ideas of reform, that we would cite them, if at any rate our limits would indulge us, as a complete vindication of his opposition to the democracy of this day.

The style of this production (*Thoughts on the Cause of the present Discontents*) is very different to the latter writings of Mr. Burke. It is firm, animated, and graceful. But it has none of that splendid imagery, nor is it tinged with those high conceits in which its author so generally, and so profusely delighted.

A Letter to certain Gentlemen, on their Condemnation of his Support to measures calculated for alleviating the Restrictions on the Irish Commerce, and his consequent rejection at the election of members for Bristol, are infinitely honourable to the memory of Burke.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XVI.

Related by an Emigrant Lady of high Rank, who heard it from the Mouth both of the King and his Attendant.

ABOUT three years previous to the revolution, a poor aged woman having by some accidental means found the opportunity of approaching the king, whilst his majesty was walking near one of his palaces, exclaimed to him in a resolute and fullen tone, "Sire, I want bread." The king frowning, waved his hand, as a signal for her to depart, whilst he turned about: at the instant an attendant arrived, but before he could get near enough to stop the woman's farther discourse, she made the following prophetic exclamation in the full hearing of the king. "Ah! Louis! one of those palaces, from which the poor are now driven with so much contempt, shall shortly be your prison."

 ANECDOTE RESPECTING THE LATE EARL OF CHATHAM.

IN 1765, a salmon was presented to the late earl of Chatham, by a private inhabitant of Wareham, in Dorsetshire; in the neighbourhood of which is the residence of sir William Pyncent, his great benefactor, with this remarkable note accompanying it:—*I am an Englishman, and therefore love liberty and you:—Sir, be pleased to accept of this fish as a mark of my esteem: were every scale a diamond, it should have been at your service.*

S.

COMPARATIVE ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
THE CAUSES OF THE ASCENT OF SMOKE.

BY BENJAMIN, COUNT RUMFORD.

IF small leaden bullets, or large goose shot, be mixed with peas, and the whole well shaken in a bushel, the shot will separate from the peas, and will take its place at the bottom of the bushel; forcing by its greater weight the peas which are lighter, to move upwards, contrary to their natural tendency, and take their places above.

If water and linseed oil, which is lighter than water, be mixed in a vessel by shaking them together, upon suffering this mixture to remain quiet, the water will descend and occupy the bottom of the vessel, and the oil, being forced out of its place by the greater pressure downwards of the heavier liquid, will be obliged to rise and swim on the surface of the water.

If a bottle containing linseed oil be plunged in water with its mouth upwards, and open, the oil will ascend out of the bottle, and passing upwards through the mass of water, in a continued stream, will spread itself over its surface.

In like manner when two fluids of any kind, of different densities, come into contact, or are mixed with each other, that which is the lightest will be forced upwards by that which is the heaviest.

And as heat rarefies all bodies, fluids as well as solids, air as well as water, or mercury,—it follows that two portions of the same fluid, at different temperatures, being brought into contact with each other, that portion which is the hottest being more rarefied, or specifically *lighter* than that which is colder, must be forced upwards by this last. And this is what always happens in fact.

When

When hot and cold water are mixed, the hottest part of the mixture will be found to be at the surface above;—and when cold air is admitted into a warmed room, it will always be found to take its place at the bottom of the room, the warmer air being in part expelled, and in part forced upwards to the top of the room.

Both air and water being transparent and colourless fluids, their internal motions are not easily discovered by the sight; and when these motions are very slow, they make no impression whatever on any of our senses, consequently they cannot be detected by us without the aid of some mechanical contrivance:—But where we have reason to think that those motions exist, means should be sought, and may often be found, for rendering them perceptible.

If a bottle containing hot water tinged with log-wood, or any other colouring drug, be immersed with its mouth open, and upwards, into a deep glass jar, filled with cold water, the ascent of the hot water from the bottle, through the mass of cold water, will be perfectly visible through the glass.—Now nothing can be more evident than that both of these fluids are forced, or *pushed*, and not *drawn* upwards. Smoke is frequently said to be drawn up the chimney;—and that a chimney draws well, or ill;—but these are careless expressions, and lead to very erroneous ideas respecting the cause of the ascent of smoke; and consequently tend to prevent the progress of improvements in the management of fires. The experiment just mentioned with the coloured water is very striking and beautiful, and it is well calculated to give a just idea of the cause of the ascent of smoke. The cold water in the jar, which, in consequence of its superior weight or density, forces the heated and rarefied water in the bottle to give place to it, and to move upwards out of its way, may represent the cold air of the atmosphere, while the rising column of coloured water will represent the column of smoke which ascends from a fire.

If smoke required a chimney to *draw* it upwards, how happens it that smoke rises from a fire which is made in the open air, where there is no chimney?

If a tube, open at both ends, and of such a length that its upper end be below the surface of the cold water in the jar, be held vertically over the mouth of the bottle which contains the hot coloured water, the hot water will rise up through it, just as smoke rises in a chimney.

If the tube be previously heated before it is plunged into the cold water, the ascent of the hot coloured water will be facilitated and accelerated, in like manner as smoke is known to rise with greater facility in a chimney which is hot, than in one in which no fire has been made for a long time. But in neither of these cases can it, with any propriety, be said, that the hot water is *drawn* up the tube.—The hotter the water in the bottle is, and the colder that in the jar, the greater will be the velocity with which the hot water will be forced up through the tube; and the same holds of the ascent of hot smoke in a chimney. When the fire is intense, and the weather very cold, the ascent of the smoke is very rapid; and under such circumstances chimnies seldom smoke.

As the cold water of the jar immediately surrounding the bottle which contains the hot water, will be heated by the bottle, while the other parts of the water in the jar will remain cold, this water so heated, becoming specifically lighter than that which surrounds it, will be forced upwards; and if it finds its way into the tube, will rise up through it with the coloured hot water. The warmed air of a room, heated by an open chimney fire-place, has always a tendency to rise, (if I may use that inaccurate expression,) and finding its way into the chimney, frequently goes off with the smoke.

STRICTURES

ON THE

LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

SIR,

THE ingenious author of the *Reflector*, No. IV. endeavours to prove, that *the love of our country* being a common, and an exceedingly useful principle, cannot operate to the injury of society. The evils of society, therefore, such as tyranny and slavery, he attempts to shew originate from other sources. He asserts, that "did not the influence of commerce, and a fame, the offspring of luxury, inflame the base, and erase the mild wishes of the heart, never would the conquerer command or oppress his insulted slaves."

The utility of *the love of our country*, and its conformity to the nature of man, if confined within just limits, and made subservient to higher principles, are not disputed.

But that it will not, by gaining an undue ascendancy in men's minds, operate to the prejudice of far nobler principles, and, consequently, to the injury of society, is disproved by the laws of human nature, and by fatal experience. From what other sources have tyranny and slavery their origin, but from some of those *homely* principles on which our author bestows such unqualified encomiums? His reply is, "from the influence of commerce, and from a fame, the offspring of luxury." We shall, therefore, investigate these two sources, in order to determine whether they have not their origin in passions nearly regarding either ourselves, our kindred, or our country.

By the influence of commerce, our author, probably, means avarice. Now what is avarice but a certain modification and excess of selfish passions? Have univer-
sal

fal benevolence and piety, a chief, or even any concern, in forming a covetous temper? On the contrary, Is not the want of these a characteristic of this passion? Some more contracted affections, therefore, some *partial attachments*, must be the sources whence avarice flows. Self, independant of any connections with others, may be regarded as the ground-work of avarice. But partiality, whether circumscribed by kindred or by country, differs from absolute selfishness only in degree, and by no means in kind. Wherever boundaries are prescribed for the human passions, and men arbitrarily fix the marks where love shall end, and animosity or indifference shall begin, some vices, similar to those which arise from mere selfishness, will be the result. Hence nations may be avaricious as well as individuals. And whenever the individuals of a nation unite together in a plan of robbing another nation of its possessions, the love of their country exists in the *loathsome* form of avarice operating on a larger scale.

"A fame, the offspring of luxury," is mentioned by our author as another source of oppression, and of the many attendant evils of society. It is difficult to conceive how the love of fame can, with propriety, be said to be the offspring of luxury. If this love be duly moderated, it is a natural and useful principle; and has its foundation in that desire of being esteemed and cared for, which manifests itself in very early life. But our author, probably, means that excess of it which is called ambition, and which prompts those in power to tyrannise over others. This principle derives its origin from a love of being conspicuous and chief among men, with which luxury has no immediate connection. It is an active principle which has been often accompanied with great austerity and perseverance in encountering hardships. But luxury can have little concern, surely, in promoting such a passion as this; since dissipation and a love of ease, are its proper associates. It is rather what may be expected to succeed the gratification of
ambition,

ambition, than to precede it as its cause. Experience evinces the truth of this assertion. The Romans, after the time of the ambitious, warlike Julius Cæsar, soon lost their martial enterprising spirit, and reposing on the bed of luxury, became a prey to the barbarian tribes.

Since, however, our author has assigned luxury as the only cause of national ambition, we will enquire somewhat farther into its nature and origin. All the evils which immediately result from a superfluity of outward goods, and the unrestrained enjoyment of them, may be termed luxury. The gratification of the senses is the grand object of this passion. With the mind absorbed in such pursuits, social pleasures are objects but of inferior concern. Few, who are immersed in luxury, would dispense with those superfluities which make so essential a part of their enjoyments, in order to relieve a distressed fellow mortal. They would oftener be induced to oppress their poor dependants for the purpose of gratifying their favourite passion. This passion, therefore, may be said to be wholly of a sensual and selfish nature; and as partiality differs only in degree from selfishness, being likewise unfounded in truth, similar evils are reasonably to be expected from it. Accordingly *national love*, applied to the enriching of that particular nation, or to the storing it with the objects of luxury, may be affected toward a neighbouring nation, under its power, as an haughty lord too frequently is toward his poor dependants.

But as it appears that luxury is not the sole, or the chief cause of ambition, it remains that we trace its true origin. Its immediate general cause is a love of applause and pre eminence. This arises from the complacency which we find in the approbation, esteem, and submission of others. The degree of reputation which we hold in society, depends upon the *comparative excellence* which we possess to the rest of its members.

Therefore,

Therefore, he who is prompted by too eager a desire to excel, is liable to be induced to seek his object by endeavouring to disparage and degrade others. But this betrays the excess of *self-love* in pursuit of its own interest and glory, at the expence of those of others. And is not this what we term ambition, or an inordinate love of fame? It is, indeed, no other than a certain modification and excess of self-love, uncorrected by higher principles. In like manner a nation, when it is desirous of obtaining a pre-eminence over other nations, at the expence of their liberty and happiness; when it aims at degrading them below their native dignity, for the purpose of exhibiting its own superiority, and of exercising its authority over them, it is actuated by the extreme of self-love. And every individual of that nation who is so *prejudiced by a love of his country* as to unite in this desire, is engaged in a selfish and mischievous confederacy. The love of home, therefore, if not regulated by still nobler principles, will operate to the injury of those who are regarded as strangers; and he who pursues the subject a little farther, will easily perceive that, in due time, a just punishment will also be reflected on the selfish society at home. Witness the *Greeks* and *Romans*, who deeming other nations *barbarians*, were, therefore, in a continual state of hostility with them; but are now, alas! no more.

In page 391—It is argued, that as men and women, we are necessarily, and naturally, superstitious. It is true, that the human imagination is too apt to supersede the exercise of the understanding; and to create objects of belief where there is no ground of conviction. What is superstition but vain and vague imaginations united with corresponding passions? But, surely, mankind are not always to be thus bewildered. If the understanding be duly exerted, these illusions will be dispelled, and the light of truth will shine forth with an uniform unclouded lustre. In order, however, that it
may

may have its due exertion, it is necessary that the understanding be free, and, consequently, unhampered by established authority. Reason cannot abide the "balm of superstition." It is that which perplexes it and renders it unhappy.

Our author asserts, page 392, that "the best feelings of mankind are the result of prejudice. And finding enthusiasm, "that fine delirium of the soul," opposed by reason, scruples not to call the latter "a cold; and till of late, ineffectual sceptic, that would rob us of all our bliss."

Now what are the best feelings of mankind? Are they not such as coincide with his most just and most enlarged conceptions? Are not genuine devotion and universal benevolence, the sources of men's most exalted and purest delights? Devotion and benevolence consist in loving and resembling that Being who is free from all partiality and prejudice. Prejudice the source of the best feelings! Who knows not, on the contrary, that it is the source of the worst disorders in society? Alarmed as our author appears at the innovation of reason, and the success it is obtaining over prejudice and enthusiasm; he is, perhaps, not less *novel*, though sufficiently unreasonable in his assertions, that he might oppose its inroads. It is conviction which is the genuine spring of the best and finest feelings. Where this is wanting, the affections are either fluctuating or disordered, or fixed in some erroneous pursuit. Error rashly fixed, constitutes prejudice; which is, therefore, the direct and well known opponent of conviction. The latter can rarely find place where the former is previously harboured. They are, indeed, things diametrically opposite, and cannot co-exist in the same mind on the same subject. Consequently, the feelings which result from each of them, must be of natures no less opposite. And whereas those which arise from conviction, cannot but be among the best and finest feelings

ings of mankind; those which result from prejudice must *reasonably* be expected to rank among the worst and coarsest of them.

But enthusiasm, "that fine delirium of the soul," is its offspring. Till now, I had always understood a delirious person to be one of the most wretched and unhappy of mortals. That delirious feelings are among the finest, is surely a doctrine not less novel and strange, than any of those which have been suggested even by "chemical moralists." Enthusiasm is, in fact, no other than a disorderly state of the passions. We ever, in common language, regard an enthusiast as one whose mind is *overheated* by some prejudice. None will deny that the passions are liable to extreme disorders; but few will assert, either that this disorderly state is the most delightful, or that to let them continue in that state, is the best means of preserving them in their genuine vigour. Most will allow that here the salutary aid of reason must be called in; not, indeed, to effect their extermination, but rather, lest they should exterminate each other.

It is true the term *reason*, like most other words, is liable to abuse. Perhaps it ought to be conceded, that this term has been, in some respects, considerably abused by some late moralists. Reason, or the human understanding, is not designed to operate against any other laws of our nature, but in perfect conformity with them. Reason is cool, impartial reflection. The various objects of the passions are thus carefully contemplated, and their comparative worth estimated. By this means the passions are duly regulated; their ardour in pursuit of particular objects is, perhaps, often abated. But this is because those objects are not worthy of being so ardently pursued—because nobler objects may, amidst this eagerness, be forgotten or neglected; and because the too eager pursuit of any object is liable to end in disappointment. What will be the result? Will
any

any of the sympathies of our nature be thus destroyed? will even self-love, the most homely of all the passions, cease? No; its usurpations will be prevented.—It will be kept at home to be purified by the springs of kindred affections, patriotism, and benevolence. It is because the inferior passions are so apt to usurp an unrighteous dominion, that the aid of reason is so necessary. Besides, were it not for reflection, man must remain an entire stranger to the most exalted and lasting enjoyments. If we do not reflect, we must be led by sense, and remain ignorant of those objects which reflection brings to our knowledge. Our pleasures, therefore, must be sensual, gross, and of short continuance. Let reflection be employed, and an endless field of improvement in knowledge and virtue will be presented. But let imagination be indulged without restraint, and many unreal beings and doctrines may quickly be conjured up; prejudices will be formed; superstition will occupy the place of sublime truth, and enthusiasm will be plentifully kindled. Instead of this, let calm and patient investigation be exercised, and many real, though invisible objects, will be presented; truth will be separated from fanciful delusions; superstition itself will be dispelled, and the sublimest truths being clearly distinguished, will elevate the human mind, and implant in it the seeds of lasting and increasing felicity.

Our author seems to speak of morality as a thing distinct from reason; and as, the proper corrective of sense. It appears somewhat difficult to determine, precisely, the meaning which he affixes to the terms sense and morality. It is not improbable that he was become somewhat aware of the truly alarming consequences of his scheme of banishing reason from human nature, and was desirous of concealing a certain portion, or modification of it, under the term morality. For whatever has nothing of reason in its composition, can be only the mere suggestions of sense, or of a wan-

dering disordered imagination. Morality implies a law, or standard of right, by which human beings are to act. But how can that standard of right be discerned, and aptly applied, without reason? Nay, what is the perception, or application of that standard, but that very exercise of the mind which we call reasoning?

In the following paragraph our author proceeds to argue against systems of morality as human inventions. Human nature, he asserts, "trusts for its support to the *independant* illuminations of mind." But why should mankind trust to illuminations independant of proper means? The Divine Being has, indeed, been pleased to reveal many sublime truths, which reflect great light on their present nature and circumstances. For what purpose is this revelation given them, except to call forth the right exercise of their powers? Not, surely, to operate in any way to the *exclusion* of them; not *independant* of them, but by means of the influence of those truths *upon* them. With respect to systems of morality, they certainly ought to be guided by revelation. But if true, they are not superseded by it; but, on the contrary, derive from it additional force. To furnish us with reasons and motives sufficient to prompt us earnestly to search for a rule of right with respect to every action, word, and thought, is the great object of revelation. To deduce a number of rules of moral life, from the joint light of nature and of revelation, cannot but be productive of good.

The system of morality to which our author seems chiefly to allude, is that proposed by modern unbelievers. Some of their principles are sufficiently absurd, and particularly this, which he quotes from Mr. Godwin's Political Justice. "We are sick and subject to death, merely because, in a certain sense, we consent to suffer these accidents." But surely this is not the case, because mortality is, we know by sad experience, the present law of our nature. And though mortality will,
finally,

finally, be *swallowed up of life*, yet this will not be through the energy of our own wills, but through the good pleasure of that Being, who alone has the laws of nature under his controul. There was, however, no need of abandoning reason in order to encounter such an absurd chimera. Mr. Godwin may ascribe his new discovery to the powers of reason, unshackled by religious creeds; but those who perceive its absurdity, will esteem the term, reason, abused by such an application of it. And Christians may regard this as an appropriate instance, that reason cannot, even in spite of its most vigorous efforts, maintain the helm, unassisted by revelation.

Sept. 9, 1797.

T. P.

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

IMPERIAL BOTANIC GARDEN.

BY ROBERT TOWNSON, L. L. D. F. R. S.

THIS is only an hour's walk from Vienna; and in the severe winter of 1793, I often went there to enjoy the beauties of a tropical climate. What a pleasing contrast, when, from being battered with driving sleet, or covered with snow in my way thither, whilst the vegetable world was dead, and the very earth was hid by snow from my sight, I stepped into these hot-houses, rich with odours, and adorned with the rarest palms.

These hot houses, I believe, are the finest in Europe. One range is ninety yards long and thirty feet high within: another range is nearly as high, and above a hundred yards long:—part of this is a green-house: and three more ranges of hot-houses, each about eighty yards long, but much lower than the former; and, lastly, two or three small green-houses, in one of which

the alpine plants are kept during winter, as Mr. Boose, the gardener, thinks the Vienna winter too severe for them.

The inhabitants of these princely buildings are no ways unworthy of them; the rarest palms and shrubs peculiar to the tropics, grow here in their native pride. The *corypha umbraculifera* extends its large leaves twelve or fourteen feet around: the *caryota urens* ascends to the height of sixteen or eighteen feet; the *cocos nucifera* and *elacis guineensis* grow with great luxuriance; and many rare shrubs, natives of the same favoured climate, though not so peculiarly indicative of their country, are here equally exuberant. The *citharexylum quadrangulare* is twenty feet high; *bignonia leucoxydon*, *malpighia glabra*, and the coffee tree sixteen feet; and the *ruitzia laciniata*, *carolinea*, *princeps et insignis*, with others less rare, twelve to fourteen. The *rhapis flabelliformis* has a *stipes* above ten feet high; the *hernandia sonora* and *helicteres apetala*, with their large leaves, contribute their part to beautify this princely collection.

SOME TRAITS

OF

THE LATE MRS. GODWIN.

IT has often been remarked, that a literary life is barren of events, and deprived by this poverty of the general interest of biography. Mr. Gibbon, however, was an exception to the remark—a remark which seems to have originated rather in the difficulty of gathering from surviving relatives an account of their literary friends, than in the avowed paucity of the characters themselves.

We promised some account of Mrs. Wolstonecraft, a name by which she is better known than that of Godwin,

Godwin, to the readers of THE MONTHLY VISITOR. Being far from unmindful of this promise, we used every exertion within our reach to fulfil it; but we are sorry to confess, that such exertions have not answered our hopes. Perhaps Mr. Godwin, at some future day, may give us that information which at present we cannot acquire. He may favour the world with a biography of his deceased wife.

From the little which we have been able to learn, it appears that Miss Wolfstonecraft had not changed her original name, till her marriage with Mr. Godwin. But, a woman of strong sensibility, she had not, all this while, been a stranger to love. Report has mentioned Mr. Fuseli as the person who first inspired her with this sentiment. It was purely an attachment, on the part of Mrs. Wolfstonecraft, in which she acted with great honour and fortitude. She was then the dearest friend of Mrs. Fuseli, and on a visit to her. She revealed her situation to that lady, as the cause of leaving their house, and went abroad. In this, or some other excursion, she met with the celebrated Mr. Imlay, author of a Topographical Description of America. Their intimacy was not of long continuance. Mr. Imlay indeed, had proposed *marriage* to Mrs. Wolfstonecraft, but she rejected it on account of her pecuniary embarrassments, which in *that* case were made over to him. She had by Mr. Imlay a daughter, who has been educated according to those rules which are prescribed by the author of the "Rights of Women."

Latterly there have been a number of gentlemen mentioned as the admirers of Mrs. Wolfstonecraft; of which number is Mr. Opie. So faint were the conceptions of the literary circles to the union of Mr. Godwin with Mrs. Wolfstonecraft, that the first mentioned gentleman, Mr. Opie, from his polite attentions to that lady, in their occasional meetings at the houses of their friends, was selected as her future husband.

It seems that these circles not only knew very little of the matter, but—that, had they attended to the rules of the new-school, they must have pronounced a different verdict. It was at the house of our principal poetess, the *British Sappho*, that we witnessed the following scene.

There were present, among many of the literati, Messrs. Opie and Godwin, and Mrs. Wolstonecraft. Mr. Opie was, as usual, very attentive to Mrs. Wolstonecraft. But the philosopher—the lover of Mrs. Wolstonecraft, and the great man who contends that men may live without sleeping, was himself fast asleep in the chimney-corner. This insignificant incident might have taught our fashionable lookers-on, that Mr. Godwin and Mrs. Wolstonecraft, possessing, thus eminently, the happy quality of mutual distance, were marked for man and wife! She did not long enjoy the pleasures of this philosophical union. She died in childhood, on Sunday the 10th of last September.

Here we terminate the history of Mrs. Godwin. The few additions which we might make could be supplied by rumour—perhaps malice, but we choose not to league with either; and we can only subjoin to these simple traits of her existence, some idea of her person and character: in the latter sense, both as a writer and a woman.

IN PERSON she was above the middle stature, and rather bony: her eyes were poor and inexpressive; yet, from the strength of her forehead, there was something commanding in her countenance. She was slow in conversation; seemed to study her words, and might be thought to lie in wait for repartees.

Her WRITINGS are certainly of the first stamp. Her thoughts were bold and clear; her style nervous: there was something masculine in the whole of her. But her philosophy was not the most happy; especially for a female. Miss Imlay has been spoilt by it. This girl,
not

not above five years old, is a sufficient antidote to the mistaken speculations of her mother. Mrs. Wolstonecraft was not in love with Christianity; and it is a question with some, whether infidelity be at all friendly to that sweetness and urbanity of soul, and that gentleness of manners, which must endear the woman to society.

THOUGHTS ON A LATE BIOGRAPHY.

MR. EDITOR,

I ASSURE you that I am not one of those men who wish to derive importance from the occasion. I have, for some time past, been particularly silent. I have seen enough, indeed, of the depravity of this age, to have induced me to an opposite behaviour; but I thought our age so depraved, that nothing less than a most signal instance of turpitude and deformity, could rouse us to a sense of our situation.

I have read in the European Magazine for last September, some memoirs of "William Beckford, esq. of Fonthill:" and I will trouble you with a few remarks on this singular and unprecedented *paper*.

When the character of an individual has been publicly understood as degraded to the foulest practices of the most foul and unnatural *times*, it is not sufficient to assign such a belief to the efforts of "detraction," "malice," "ignorance," and "ingratitude;" it is necessary to prove, that individuals have been slanderous and ungrateful—that a nation has been ignorant and malicious. By a sophism which our laws permit—TRUTH IS A LIBEL; and we dare not explain to the public, the wretched enormities of certain men. I had almost said, it is well for those men that we may not. I beg leave to correct the affirmation. While men can be secure in iniquity, if it does not reach to a public tribunal; and while those whose high places,

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as the preceptors and protectors of our morals, ought, at least, to make them neuters in crime, shall, under the influence of bribes, explain vice into virtue, and depravity into greatness; where is our common security? how can we depend on any professions of truth? and what shall preserve, amidst these vile and intricate practices, the social relationships, the unavoidable duties, and the dearest sympathies of life?

In this day, Mr. Editor, a good memory is not among the least of our qualifications. We seem too apt to forget the dispositions and instructions of those who have gone before us; and some men would profit themselves of this temper. But we do not forget—we shall not forget alderman Beckford—and, with this perfect recollection of the father, we may gather, from the chronicles of our land, no imperfect recollections of the son. This son, we are told, is a man of consummate abilities, but (most unfortunately!) he has been perverted in the exercise of his talents, by the following circumstances—“It may be thought strange, (says the European Magazine) that Mr. Beckford, with the abilities generally attributed to him, should not have produced them more on the scene of public life.”——“But the world should know, that with talents, and particularly that of eloquence, fitted to have made a brilliant figure on this ground, (parliament) Mr. Beckford, unfortunately, wants that strength of constitution necessary to bear that constant attendance, fatigue, and those late hours required in the house of commons.” The newspapers are full of this subject; though they have not given us a single idea on the *origin* of Mr. Beckford’s “wants,” as they respect his “*strength of constitution*.”

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, some people ought to know, that there is a constant *re-action* in nature. Evil never goes unpunished. The man who seduces an innocent girl, adds another to the number of those unhappy women, whose contagions bring many a seducer to ruin and to death! There is high justice in these matters:

and

and nature, still uniform in her operations, has attached some of her most awful disorders to those who would violate her decrees—and run counter to the very sources of her being.

Sir, I would fain speak out, when it would be impious to dissemble one's meaning. Through the medium of a work which has been true to religion and morals, as far, at least, as I have been able to discern, I would address the most intelligent, and I hope the most virtuous of my fellow citizens. They seem too indifferent; since their indifference becomes criminal. They do not perceive that the empire of vice will finally be established on their weakness. They see not these dangers, or see them very distantly. Alas! they are secure. They are lulled to sleep by the softness of the evening, to wake only with the dawn of destruction.

The ministerial ranks, who yet pride themselves on the comparative rectitude of their leaders, will, I am led to hope, be careful whom they admit into offices of trust and importance. For whenever they shall repose any confidence where genius is substituted for virtue, or money for both, their ruin is at hand.

Oa. 14th, 1797.

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ACCOUNT OF JAMAICA.

Copy of a Letter recently received by a young Gentleman, from a Friend now residing in that Island.

Spanish Town, Jamaica, July 18, 1797.

DEAR SIR,

I WROTE to you a few months back, but unfortunately the packet containing the letters was taken. I am happy to find you have made such a progress in learning, that you are thinking of leaving school, and entering into some kind of business. I should be extremely

tremely happy to have the pleasure of seeing you here to conduct your father's business, if the country were more healthy, but at present it proves fatal to almost every new comer—if he gets over the first indisposition, he has a good chance to live for some time.

You would be rather surprised to see such a change in the two countries. Here we never know what it is to see a *withered leaf* falling from the trees, if we do, there is always another to replace it, as soon as the old one drops off. We have no winter, always green, Christmas is a time when we have vegetables in great plenty, such as pease, beans, and all those kinds of garden-stuff which are very rare at those times in England. We have also fine pines, oranges, apples, pears, plumbs; these, I believe, are not to be seen at Christmas in your part of the globe. In fact, we have no *winter* whatever. Even in December you will sometimes see the thermometer at ninety and ninety-two, which you must conceive is a very great heat indeed. We have lately been in want of rain, which has made the country very unhealthy; however within these few weeks we have had some good showers. Sometimes (though not lately) we have rain in such a quantity that people cannot walk in the streets, the water being nearly four feet in depth, and the drops of rain as large as marbles.

We have many kinds of fruit, not exactly the same as with you. *Grapes* we have some of the largest and best flavoured I ever saw or tasted. We have also a very fine vegetable which is a *substitute* for BREAD, and has much the taste of bread. It grows on a very large tree, the fruit or vegetable is about the size of a coconut, very palatable I do assure you. Indeed, every thing is much the same here as with you, only a little variegated. There is something as to the *Negroes* which is not very common with you, *none of them can read or write*, but they are *sharper than most white people*! They are used much better than what I imagined before I arrived;

arrived; and another great advantage is, they have no kind of thought as to eating and drinking, for every thing is provided for them. If they live on a plantation they have got a large piece of ground for each of them, and are at liberty to plant whatever they please. If they are in town, as gentlemens' servants, they have so much money allowed them every week, besides clothes and provisions. In fact, it is only the *name* of being a slave. We have several *Black* people in this town who have carriages and fine horses; those were once slaves, but, being industrious, have bought their freedom, and got into business for themselves. Excuse this great haste, and believe that

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

[From the French.]

A SAILOR of Martinique, married a young woman, as virtuous as she was beautiful, and she, having expended all the little money her husband had left her before he embarked, had recourse to a wealthy citizen to whose protection she had been confided. The citizen, inflamed with the charms of the fair borrower, demanded as the price of his services the surrender of her virtue: relying on the hope of her husband's return, and shuddering with indignation at the proposal, the insulted woman refused him without hesitation. The sailor did not arrive; and, in a few days, all the resources of his unhappy wife were exhausted; want, too clearly made her sensible of her situation; she was a mother—and dreading to behold one infant perish at that breast which nourished it, and the other, whose maturer age demanded bread, expire of hunger before her; she sought the tyrant again, in the hope of softening him. But prayers and tears could

could obtain nothing from the barbarian: she was forced to capitulate; and, vanquished by necessity, she permitted him to come to supper with her. After a meal which was spiritless, the citizen pressed her to fulfil her promise. The poor woman took him to the cradle where her *child* was sleeping; and then pressing it to her bosom, her eyes full of tears, she said to it—“Drink, my dear babe! drink freely; thou yet receivest the milk of a virtuous woman, whom necessity alone stabs to the heart. To-morrow, for alas! I cannot wean thee—to-morrow! thou wilt drink the milk of an unhappy”—her tears finished the sentence. The citizen beheld—and was moved at the sight—Throwing his purse at her feet, he exclaimed—“It is not possible to resist so much virtue!”

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

A CHARACTER NOT VERY COMMON.

HUMANUS converts almost every article of his expences into an act of benevolence and humanity; he reads the papers, and drinks his coffee at one widow's; he buys his poultry of a second, who in children and grand-children has seventeen in family; his coals of a third; and his fish of a man that has seven children. Though he has a barber just by him, he goes a quarter of a mile to be shaved by one with a large family; and the same principle induces him to go a mile to buy his shoes, which are cleaned by a woman past all other labour. He wears no wove stockings, because his doing so would deprive the poor woman who knits them of a week's subsistence. If he goes by water, he always takes the oldest man at the plying place; and if he lays out a penny in fruit, it is always with those that are past their labour, if there are any in his way.

THE

THE DRAMA.

Let the vain tyrant sit amidst his guards,
His puny green-room wits and venal bards,
Who meanly tremble at the puppet's frown,
And for a play-house freedom lose their own.

CHURCHILL.

IT is a sentiment of Mr. Pope's, that "the man who confesses his errors, only says that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday." Advice is often rejected, not because it is advice, but that the manner in which it is given, implies no little superiority in the giver; nearly in the same temper do we refuse to acknowledge our faults; we think *that* the acknowledgment must degrade us. In this point of view Mr. Pope has been uncommonly felicitous; for while, in fact, he leads us to the immediate confession of our faults, *he* spares us the reproach through which we hesitated to confess.

When this work was undertaken, it seemed proper to establish a "Theatrical Journal" in this department of our plan. Experience, however, which is the test of truth, hath shewn us the fallacy of this idea, by convincing us that the space which it has consumed, cannot afford the advantages we had proposed to derive from it. There is much to be attended to in our theatres: too much indeed, to give one page of our Dramatic Review to measures of no lasting importance.

Our readers, we trust, will not have any thing to regret in the abolition of our "Theatrical Journal: we shall keep as constant, and, if possible, a more vigilant look out towards the dramatic field, than we have yet done.

A RETROSPECT OF OUR THEATRES DURING THE LAST WINTER, *if there had been any thing material to notice*, would have prefaced the Drama of this

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season.

season. We had, at least, hoped to have gathered from this source, some idea of the taste of the age. Here also, we are disappointed. For we should be sorry, indeed, to estimate the manners of a great and enlightened people, at the close of the eighteenth century, by the buffoonery and trickery (strangely called incident and dialogue) which at present disgrace the English theatres.

Reflecting on our conduct both towards actors and writers, from the commencement of THE MONTHLY VISITOR to this day, we hope that we may think ourselves *independent*; and that our Subscribers are thus far satisfied. We profess to continue in *this* line: it is for others to judge of our veracity.

DRURY LANE.

MRS. WALCOT.

September 21, The character of Mrs. *Rigid*, in the *Will*, was this evening assumed by a lady of the name of Walcot, from the Edinburgh theatre. The cast of parts, for which she stands forth as a candidate, is that which Mrs. Hopkins lately resigned; and which she may with propriety fill to a certain extent. Her figure is rather clumsy than agreeable; nor do her features possess any peculiar attractions. Her voice, however, which she manages with skill, is naturally a good one; and from her adequate knowledge of stage business, we anticipate continued success.

THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

On Saturday, October 9, there was a very pleasant Chimney Corner provided for the visitors of this theatre. It is not wonderful that two lovers should be
seated

seated in the chimney corner. The lovers of this night underwent a variety of oppositions—and then obtained their end. The music of this after-piece is its excellence. It is always pleasing, and often delightful.

MISS HUMPHREYS,

Proposed by some as the successor of Miss Farren, came out on the 14th, as *Lady Emily*, in the HEIRESS. This lady has suffered in being whispered as a Farren. Her person is strong rather than beautiful: and she has talents which attention will improve.

MISS BIGG,

From the Bath theatre, made her appearance on this night, October 17, as the widow *Brady*, in the IRISH WIDOW. For *this* part she is evidently fitted; and her talents will shine in this cast of character: but, *out of this line*, we are not of those who expect highly of Miss Bigg.

MISS DUFOUR.

October 19. A Miss Dufour, well known in the musical world, this evening made her first appearance, *on any stage*, as *Adela*, in the HAUNTED TOWER. This lady possesses a voice of much compass and sweetness, but it wants volume. Considering it as a first appearance, on the score of diffidence, with which she seemed much oppressed, we ought to make a considerable allowance; but this allowance must not screen her from the observations of just criticism.—Animation is in the list of this lady's wants, and a general coldness pervades the whole of her dialogue; consequently, as a substitute for *Storace*, she appears to great disadvantage.

COVENT GARDEN.

MRS. ABINGTON.

THE newspapers have lately teemed with high encomiums on the conduct of Mr. Harris in again bringing forward Mrs. Abington at his theatre. But, for our own parts, we have not been able to discover what great benefit the public are to derive from her re-appearance. The novelty of the circumstance may indeed bring money to the treasury, and enrich the coffers of Mrs. Abington; but, we are convinced, that it will be the means of draining the purses of the public, without either heightening their pleasures, or even fulfilling their expectations.

Mrs. Abington, while on the stage, acquired a well-deserved celebrity in many characters. The elegance of her gait, the vivacity of her mind, and the sprightliness of her manners, qualified her for excelling in the higher walk of genteel comedy. But, when age, unmindful of superiority, destroyed the fascinating influence of these charms, and dispossessed her of those powers of attraction which her youth commanded, she should have reflected, that it would be but a fruitless labour to undertake the representation of her primeval characters. Her former *Beatrice* was a chaste, animated, unaffected, and captivating performance: but her *Beatrice* of this night, was, for the greater part, languid and unattractive. Her deportment, however, is easy and graceful; but her person is too big and heavy to give any effect to the more gay and sprightly scenes. We conceive it to be the height of folly and imprudence in her to come forward in the present advanced period of her existence; and that too, with a person so ill calculated for the department, and attempt characters which demand all the vigour and activity of youth.

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Her *Estifania* must submit nearly to the same criticism. In one or two of its scenes, the jewel-scene in particular, she gained much on the audience, but as a whole it was materially defective. It wanted what she could no longer give it—a lightsome heel, and a roguish eye.

In *Lady Racket* we did not dislike her.

Mr. Knight was her *Sir Charles*. This gentleman is unrivalled in his genuine sphere. But he will hardly do for a fine gentleman, a dashing blade, &c. &c. There was too much of the bumpkin in his tones.

MR. WITCHLEY.

Hamlet has been performed at this house, for the purpose of introducing a gentleman of the name of Witchley in the character of Laertes. His figure is slender, but genteel: his voice, however, is weak and inarticulate, and his face too vacant and inexpressive to give effect to a character of any consequence. Holman, in some parts of Hamlet, was “excellent well;” but we would advise him to pay more attention to the dictates of his author, and not so frequently “o’erstep the modesty of nature.” Toms was the Horatio of the evening; and Murray appeared, for the first time, in the Ghost. We have often had our ears grated with deep tones, and hollow sounds, by the representators of this part; but we never before saw it justly delineated. Murray made it awfully grand; and impressed us with a just degree of horror at the crime which he was inciting Hamlet to avenge. His action was becoming, and impressive in the highest degree. The idea of pointing to his ear, when he describes the manner in which he was murdered, was original, but perfectly just. It was, as the author certainly intended it to be, sufficient to induce Hamlet to cause the viol to be poured in the ear of the player king. “The glow-worm shews the morning to be near,” was happily conceived, and produced a

very pleasing effect on the minds of the audience. The whole of his performance met with a very marked attention; and he disappeared amidst the rapturous applause of the whole house.

MURRAY'S RICHARD.

On account of the indisposition of Mr. Holman, Mr. Murray, at a short notice, undertook the very intricate and arduous representation of King Richard. To say that he acted *well*, would not be doing justice to his great talents. The nicety of perception, the depth of discrimination, the justness of delineation; the magnitude of ability, and the brilliant traits of genius, which he displayed through the whole performance, entitle him to our warmest encomiums, whilst they must fix him as high in the favour of the public. In the scene with Lady Anne, he presented us with the highest finished performance of which the modern drama can boast; here we perceived all the wiles and artful insinuations of the crafty tyrant, in the fullest perfection. His tent scene was a master piece of acting; the soliloquy on sleep, admirably delivered; his agitation during his visions strikingly characteristic; and his start off the couch, and subsequent exclamations, operated like an electric shock upon the whole house. His voice, indeed, was rather too feeble for the more boisterous parts; but we are not among the number of those who admire rant, and noisy declamation, in preference to chaste acting. Richard is a character of that nature, which, if sustained with a proper degree of spirit in the first scenes, precludes the possibility of the voice of the representative being unimpaired towards the close of the play. Cibber was fully aware of this fact, when he was altering the piece for representation, and judiciously introduced the exclamation.

“ Richard is *hoarse* with daring thee to arms!”

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We cannot, therefore, admit Mr. Murray's deficiency of voice, as any plea against his undertaking characters of this cast; the correctness of his judgment, and the energy of his genius, will qualify him at any time to break through the barriers of vulgar prejudice, and enable him to raise himself high in the estimation of all admirers of good acting. The disadvantages under which he laboured on this occasion, were peculiarly unfortunate. The following of a favourite actor, in so arduous a character, and at so short a notice, were difficulties that would have damped the exertions of the most matured and superlative genius. But, notwithstanding all these obstacles, he acquitted himself to the full satisfaction of a numerous and genteel audience, and was rewarded by their unanimous and reiterated plaudits.

Pope has certainly the greatest qualifications of any actor upon the stage for the part of Richmond, but from neglect, or some cause equally unpardonable, his performance on this evening was very disgraceful to his reputation. Hull was a reputable substitute for Murray in the unfortunate Henry. Clarke, literally murdered the part of Buckingham; we are astonished that the manager should put this gentleman in characters that so little suit his talents; in another line, we have seen him display considerable powers.

MRS. SPENCER.

MRS. SPENCER, from the theatre-royal, Dublin, was introduced to us this evening, October 13, as *Monimia*, in Otway's *Orphan*. She is something above the middling stature, extremely genteel, and well proportioned. Her countenance is beautiful; but too delicate and pensive for the forcible in tragedy. Where pathos was required, as in the scene where she is reconciled to Castahio, she eminently excelled. And we think that her indignation was at one time more expressive than we could well have expected from her. Her interview
with

with Polidore, after the accomplishment of his purposes, was admirably sustained: but she came short of our hopes in the subsequent derangement of Monimia. Her dying scene, however, was accomplished with much skill and justness: a little more energy in this part of her performance, would have prepossessed the audience still farther in her favour. Taking into this estimate that diffidence which ever attends a first appearance in the theatres of this metropolis—a diffidence which, though in this instance great, was by no means affected in Mrs. Spencer, we think that her abilities would be of the first order, were her tones but a little more powerful.

Mr. Pope's Castalio was full of feeling and spirit.

Holman was correct and graceful. But he is always *Holman*.

We would whisper a few words to Mr. Clarke. His Polidore was, certainly, undoubtedly, and unequivocally, one of the most mechanical beings that we have ever had the mortification to see. No one passion beyond that of a methodistical stiffness did this gentleman's countenance even intimate. If you saw him in the first scene, you saw him to the last. He was always Mr. Clarke, perhaps painted and stiffened a little.

The bravery of Admiral Duncan did not escape the memory of the audience: and "Rule Britannia"—with an additional verse in honour of the admiral, was sung with that noble enthusiasm which is the characteristic of national hymns.

MISS BETTERTON.

October 12. In the tragedy of *Percy*, Miss Betterton, from Bath, made her first appearance at this theatre, in the character of *Elwina*. To an engaging figure and enchanting voice, this lady joins a justness of discrimination and propriety of action, seldom surpassed, and, perhaps, never before evinced by so young a person: yet with all these fascinating charms, a total want

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of feeling, for a time, destroyed their whole effect. Her diffidence, at length, decreased as she advanced, and, in the scarf scene with her husband, she displayed the greatest professional ability. From this specimen of her talents, we pronounce her an acquisition both to the public and the manager.

MR. BETTERTON.

October 20. Mr. Betterton, father of the above-mentioned young lady, this evening made his *entre* as *Castalio*, in the *Orphan*. This gentleman appears to be a perfect master of his profession. His figure is good, something resembling that of Bernard; his deportment easy and graceful; conception correct, and action not too redundant. We thought, however, and have been since convinced, that his *forte* lies more in genteel comedy than in tragedy. His daughter, also, has evinced the most brilliant talents in support of the comic muse.

MISS SIMS.

On the same evening Miss Sims, who during the summer season has been performing at Sadler's Wells, came forward as *Fanny*, in the *Maid of the Mill*, which is now cut down to an after-piece.

She is very young, her figure small, but elegantly turned: her voice is clear, powerful, and melodious. With practice, and the assistance of a good music-master, we doubt not that she will become an able supporter of the operatic department.

SANS SOUCI.

On Saturday, the 7th of October, Mr. Dibdin commenced his usual entertainments at this place, with a new piece, entitled *The Sphinx*. Wit and humour are its prominent features. The songs particularly worthy of notice, are—The Gardener; Give and Take; True Glory; Epping Hunt; Captain Wattle and Miss Roe: Miss Muz, the Milliner, and Bob the Barber, and Tol de rol, de rol. His *True Glory* is a sweet pathetic air, which could not fail to awaken the sensibility of an enlightened audience. We could, however, observe, that some *old stories* had crept into the recitation. This part would have a much better effect, if Mr. Dibden were less hurried; for he is apt, not only to confuse, but to break, by this precipitancy, the very thread of the story. The house was crowded, and even brilliant.

 DRAMATIC STRICTURES.

[No. I.]

"Imago Veritatis."

IN pursuing the following strictures, it is not our intention to adhere to any particular plan, or to enlist under the banner of party; but, agreeably to our motto, the "representation of truth" shall be our sole object.

A general survey of the drama is our primary pursuit. In the present paper, a few general observations shall be submitted, which, from time to time, we shall take opportunities of enlarging upon; leaving ourselves at full liberty to investigate the temporary occurrences of the theatrical world.

Notwithstanding the deep tragedies which have been performed on the grand theatre of real life, we presume

sume it will readily be admitted, that the close of the eighteenth century is not an era favourable to the exertions of the tragic muse. Existing proofs in support of this opinion are not wanting. "Almeyda," the polished production of Miss Lee's classical pen, supported by the matchless acting of Kemble and Siddons, could not survive the season which gave it birth; and the well-written "Conspiracy" of Jerminham, aided by the same fostering assistants, sunk into oblivion after the second night's performance. Our wonder must not stop here: even the first-rate productions of Shakespeare, supported by the strongest efforts of a company, whose principals yield in excellence to none but the immortal Garrick, are, three or four times in the season, rather endured than applauded, and considered as a luxurious treat by none but a few surviving admirers of the ancient school. Not so the efforts of the modern muse: a striking contrast presents itself on witnessing the crowded audiences which nightly attend the farcical comedies of Reynolds, the flimsy entertainments of O'Keeffe, and the pantomimic spectacles, and harlequin mummery of Farley.

The general cry is, "we have no writers like Shakespeare,"—granted.—Then why do you neglect Shakespeare? If no other author had ever issued into existence, his plays alone possess sufficient variety to charm repeated audiences. But we have the works of other authors of established merit. We have the dramatic writings of Otway and Southern, Rowe and Dryden; and, to come down to our own age, those of Murphy and Cumberland: but these also are neglected, and thrown by as useless lumber, to make way for the inane trash of fine-spun sentiment, stolen from condemned novels; and the *outré* effusions of musical boys, aided by the puppet-like attitudes of the Italian school.

Let not our readers imagine that we fastidiously condemn comedy. By no means. It is a branch of the drama which must ever be considered as the most faithful representation

representation of real life. But, instead of comedies, why are we continually deluged with five-act farces? These, surely, cannot be considered as true pictures of the times, any more than caricatures can be esteemed correct likenesses; and it must be obvious to the discerning eye, that time will have the same effect upon one as upon the other! and, in the next century, the comedies of Reynolds and O'Keeffe will be no more understood than the etchings of modern caricaturists!

We might suppose that the muse of comedy slept, were it not that some rays of genius, at intervals, penetrate the gloom of insipidity. Perhaps, from some remains of partiality to the age in which we live, we may not be willing to admit the superiority of our predecessors in point of humour; but, if we are here compelled to relinquish our claim, we can still boast that, if we possess not the wit of Dryden, Congreve, and Vanbrugh, we are not oppressed with their obscenity. Our deficiency, however, remains to be proved; but while we celebrate the wits of the day, let not the unmeaning punsters of the hour be named.

To the delicate pen of sir Richard Steele, followed by that of Cumberland, do we in a great measure owe the present refinement of legitimate comedy, which, purged from the gross indelicacies and infamous *double entendres* of the last age, the eye of modesty may fearlessly behold.

As a sentimental writer, Cumberland seems to stand foremost in the lists for fame; while Morton, more successfully combining sense and sentiment with humour, reigns the first favourite of the hour. The dormant muse of Sheridan, buried in the din of party, forgets the laurels she has won, else might her neglectful votary console himself, that if he is thwarted by opposition within the walls of St. Stephen, he is peerless within those of Drury.

CARLOS.

Literary Review.

ART. I. *A philosophical and practical Treatise on Horses, and on the Moral Duties of Man towards the Brute Creation. By John Lawrence. Abbreviator of the Veterinary Works of St. Bel, and Author of various Political and Moral Tracts.* 8vo. pp. 376. 7s. boards. Longman.

THE pen of Mr. L. has been occasionally dipped in political ink, as early as the commencement of the American War. His last production of the kind is upon the elements and practice of Political Morality, of which it has been said, that the Author treats the favourite prejudices of all parties with too rough a hand to expect the favour of any. The present work is purely original; the Author being well known to have been all his life attached with a kind of enthusiasm to Horses, and domestic animals in general, and to have practised veterinary medicine, as here laid down, with considerable success. His attachment to, and knowledge of agriculture, is visible throughout the work.

His leading objects are to promote humanity to the Brute Creation in general, of which he exhibits the theory and practice, and to give a general idea of every thing appertaining to Horses, in which consists the difference of this to all other Treatises, each being mostly confined to some particular branch of the science. Some writers are confined merely to the farriery or medical branch, others merely to the equestrian, and these last merely to a part of it—as the manège, &c. The present Treatise professes to comprehend the whole from experience.

As to the examination of Mr. Taplin's book, we shall only say that, according to our information, it has been universally approved by the gentlemen of the Veterinary College, and of the Jockey Club; and Mr. L. has put the matter to the fairest issue, by referring the enquirer immediately to the original writers, and by pointing out a sufficient number of examples.

The critical account of the preceding writers on these heads will be of singular use to those who desire to attain a good ground of theory on the subject. The history of the horse, in the second chapter, will serve the same purpose. The chapter on the hackney, on the qualifications of English horses, on the fashionable style of riding, and on journeys, are particularly new, curious, and useful.

No part of the volume is more useful, or more deserving of general attention, than the remarks on draft-oxen, and the system of horse-shoeing: this last, and most important point, is treated very amply, and the rationale of it manifested to those who are even unacquainted with the subject. This author's knowledge of horse-shoeing appears to be the result of having experimentally examined all the various theories ancient and modern. He professes to be a disciple of Osmer, our original writer on shoeing, and highly approves the present practice of the Veterinary College. This chapter on horse-shoeing is of particular consequence to the interests of those who keep draught-horses in London, and they will find many interesting hints of which they are by no means aware.

After this analysis of the work, which we have given both in justice to Mr. L. who appears to be master of his subject, and for the information of those who are particularly interested in able treatises of this kind, we shall lay before our readers, as more calculated for general amusement, the following account of the HORSE,

“ The

"The horse to the eye of science, is the most beautiful of all four-footed animals; superior to all in symmetry of body, in speed, and in general utility to mankind. He possesses in common with the human race, the reasoning faculty, the difference consisting only in degree; or quantity. Human pride, prejudice, and cruelty alone, have questioned this truth; those passions suspended, it becomes instantly obvious to common sense. The body then of the horse, as well as that of every living creature, is vivified and informed by a *soul*, or portion of intellectual element superadded. This portion differs in degree, in different animals, according to the wise dispensation of nature. I hope I may be allowed to make use of the term *soul*, without any offence, either to the materialist or the atheist; and withal to add, that I conceive the dispute between them and their antagonists (like many other learned disputes) to be rather concerning the terms than the substance of the argument. All parties evidently see and feel a something to exist, which it is not in the power of reason to get rid of, either in this world or the next."

"The horse, from the earliest accounts, seems to have been a native of nearly all the climates of the old world; why this excellent animal was denied to the new continent, almost all regions of which are so well adapted to his production and maintenance, is a difficulty not easily solved. Whether they were, *ab origine*, indigenous to one particular country, whence all parts else were supplied; or whether common to many, and of different races, besitting the nature and circumstances of each country, is a theme fit only to display the powers of imagination, in such an ingenious and fanciful writer as Buffon. Thus much constant observation and experience have determined upon the matter, that the genus varies with soil and climate, that the horses of warm climes and dry soils, are of the truest proportion, the finest skin, and the most generous spirit; of course the fleetest, and fittest for the saddle; as we approach the north, we find them more robust, and formed with very little symmetry of shape; coarse-haired, hardy, and slow, fitted for draft, and the more laborious purposes of life; that the species will thrive, with proper care, in all habitable countries; but succeed best under the temperate zones, and upon fruitful and graminivorous soils.

"It frequently happens, that of two hypotheses, although one only can be simply true, yet both may lead, by different trains of argumentation, to the same conclusion. The easiest method, and perhaps that liable to fewest objections, is to divide the genus of horses into two original and distinct species, or creations; the fine and speedy, and the coarse and slow. To these original sources, all varieties whatever may be traced; and the various intermediate degrees may also be influenced in some measure, by soil and climate; but it does not appear probable, either in theory, or by analogies which might be adduced, that any length of time, or change of soil, could convert the delicate, silk-haired, flat-boned courser of the southern countries, into the coarse, clumsy, round-made cart-horse of the north of Europe.

"The original countries of the two opposite races (whether they were first and exclusively created there, matters not to us) are the mountainous part of Arabia, and the low lands of Belgium in Europe. Arabia is the oldest breeding country (to use a familiar phrase) in the world; it has been known to possess a pure and unmixed race of horses, for thousands of years; and the experience, both of ancient and modern times, has proved them to be of superior form and qualification to all other horses upon earth. In the very early ages, the breed of Arabian Horses was sought and dispersed over almost all Asia and Africa, and from thence to the southern parts of Europe; in more modern times, they have been introduced farther north, particularly into this country; and from that source has originated our best racing blood, to which we owe those advantages and improvements, and that superiority in horses, we so evidently possess over all other nations.

"At what period of time, or by what nation, or individual, the horse was reduced to human use and obedience, is a piece of intelligence which must for ever lie hid in the impenetrable recesses of the most remote antiquity."

Our author's idea of a fine horse:

"The head of a horse should be void of flesh, and for length and size, appear to hold fair proportion with the size of his body; his eye full, and somewhat prominent; eye-lids thin and dry; ears thin, narrow, erect, of middling length, and not distant from each other; forehead flat, not too large or square,

square, and running nearly in a straight line, to the muzzle, which should be small and fine; nostrils capacious; lips thin; mouth of sufficient depth, and the tongue not too large; the jaw-bones wide at top; where they join the neck; the head not abruptly affixed to the extremity of the neck, but with a moderate curve and tapering of the latter.

“ The neck must be of moderate, not too great length, nor too thick and gross on the upper part, nor too large and deep, but rising from the withers or forehead, and afterwards declining and tapering at the extremity, it will form somewhat of an arch; underneath, the neck should be straight from the chest, and by no means convex, or bellying out.

“ The shoulders capacious, and of large extent, so as to appear the most conspicuous part of the body, but without being loaded with flesh; they should reach fairly to the top of the withers, which must be well raised; the chest should be sufficiently full, not narrow or pinched.

“ The body deep and substantial; back a plane of good width, but handsomely rounded; back-bone straight, or with a trifling inclination, and not too short; loins wide, and the muscles of the reins, or fillets, full, and swelling on each side the back-bone; the space sufficient between the ribs and hip-bones, the bones themselves round, and the buttocks deep and oval; the rump level with, or not too much elevated above, the height of the withers; the croup must have reasonable space, and not sink too suddenly, in which case, the tail would be set on too low, which ought to be nearly on a level with the back.

“ The hinder quarters should spread to a wider extent than the fore-parts, and the hind-feet stand farther asunder than those before; the thighs should be straight, large, muscular, and of considerable length; the hock wide and clean, the shank not too long, but flat, and of sufficient substance, its sinew large and distinct, the fetlocks long; the hocks should form an angle, of such extent, as to place the feet immediately under the flanks. The fore-arms, like the thighs, should be large, muscular, and of good length, the elbows not turning outwards; the knees large and lean; the shank, or cannon-bone, flat, strong, and not too long; the tendon large; the fore-arm and shank must form nearly a straight line; fetlock-joints large and clean; pasterns inclining to a certain

degree, not too long, but large in proportion to their length; the coronary rings not thick, or swelled, but clean, dry, and hairy; the feet neither too high, nor too flat, and of size apparently a sufficient base for the weight they have to sustain; hoofs of colour dark and shining; without seams or wrinkles, tough and strong, not hard like oak; foot internally concave, foal hard, but not shrunk, heels wide, and of middling height; frog not too large or fleshy, but tough and sound; the feet of equal size, should stand exactly parallel, so that the front or toe incline neither inward nor outward; the forefeet should stand perpendicular to the chest, not too much under it, and they should be less wide apart than the forearms; the legs should not be loaded with hair.

“The age of a horse it is sufficiently well-known, is only determinable with precision by his teeth; and that rule fails after a certain period, and is sometimes equivocal and uncertain, even within that period. A horse has forty teeth; namely, twenty-four double teeth or grinders, four tushes, or single teeth, and twelve front teeth, or gatherers. Mares, have no tushes, in general. The mark, which discovers the age, is to be found in the front teeth, next the tushes. In a few weeks, with some, the foal's twelve fore teeth begin to shoot; these are short, round, white, and easily distinguishable from the adult or horse's teeth, with which they come afterwards to be mixed. At some period between two and three years old, the colt changes his teeth; that is to say, he sheds the four middle fore teeth, two above and two below, which are some time after replaced with horse's teeth. After three years old, two others are changed, one on each side the former; he has then eight colt's and four horse's teeth. After four year's old, he cuts four new teeth, one on each side those last replaced, and has at that age, eight horse's and four foal's teeth. These last new teeth are slow growers, compared with the preceding; they are the corner teeth, next the tushes, are called pincers, and are those which bear the mark; this mark consists in the tooth being hollow, and in the cavity bearing a black spot, resembling the eye of a bean. At four years and a half old, these mark teeth are just visible above the gum, and the cavity is very conspicuous. At five years old, the horse sheds his remaining four colt's teeth, and his tushes appear. At six, his tushes are up, and appear white, small, and

and sharp, near about which, is observable a small circle of young growing flesh; the horse's mouth is now complete, and the black mark has arrived at, or very near the upper extremity of the corner teeth. At seven, the two middle teeth fill up. Between the seventh and eighth year, all the teeth are filled up, the black mark hath vanished, and the horse is then said to be aged, and his mouth full.

"From that time forward, the age of the horse can only be guessed at from certain indications; but these guesses are usually made with considerable accuracy by experienced people. If his teeth shut close, and meet even, are tolerably white, not over long, and his gums appear plump you may conclude he is not yet nine years old. At that age, and as he advances, his teeth become yellow and foul, and appear to lengthen, from the shrinking and receding of the gums. The tusks are blunt at nine; but at ten years old, the cavity or channel in the upper tusks, until that period to be felt by the finger, are intirely filled up. At eleven, the teeth will be very long, black, and foul; but will generally meet even; at twelve his upper-jaw teeth will overhang the nether; at thirteen and upwards, his tusks will be either worn to the stumps, or long, black, and foul, like those of an old boar. Besides those exhibited by the mouth, nature ever furnishes variety of signals, denoting the approach of old age and decay, throughout the bodies of all animals. After a horse has past his prime, a hollowness of his temples will be perceived, his muscles will be continually losing something of their plumpness, and his hair that gloss and burnish, which is the characteristic of youth and prime; it will look dead, faded, or entirely lose its colour, in various parts. In proportion to the excess of these appearances, will be the horse's age.

"The following are among the devices practised by a set of unfeeling rascals, who have no other rule of conduct than their supposed interest, to counterfeit the marks of age in horses. At four years old, they will frequently knock out the remaining colt's teeth, in order to make the horse appear five; but you will be convinced of the fraud, by the non-appearance of the tusks; and if it be a mare, by the shortness and smallness of the corner teeth, and indeed of the teeth in general. To give an old horse the mark, is termed, to bishop him; of the derivation of this term, I have no knowledge.

They

They burn a hole in each of the corner teeth, and make the shell fine and thin with some iron instrument; scraping all the teeth to make them white; sometimes they even file them all down short and even. To this they add another operation; they pierce the skin over the hollows of the eye, and blow it up with a quill: but such manœuvres can deceive only the inexperienced, and in case of dispute would be detected in an instant.

“Of the colours of horses, nothing in my opinion can be said more to the purpose, than to repeat an adage of old Bracken. “A good horse is never of a bad colour.” Modern light and experience, have been happily employed in detecting and exploding the theoretic whimsies of antiquity, upon almost all subjects; among the rest, upon that of attributing this or that, good or evil quality, or temperament, to the colour of a horse. All that I am warranted in saying, from my own observation, is, that I have seen more bad horses, of all kinds, among the light bays, with light-coloured legs and muzzle, than amongst any other colours; and the most good saddle and coach-horses, among the common bays with black legs and manes, and the chocolate browns. This, in all probability, has been accidental.

The *French*, it appears, in horses as in revolutions, and in revolutions as in horses, have been all for experiment. We try less; but *do* more: and our horse-management is at this day, notwithstanding *their* bulky theories, by far superior to the Gallic.

On the “*Rights of Beasts*” our author is unusually eloquent. Perhaps he is not so judicious in his *title*; but in a day when there is so much said on the Rights of Man, we do not see why the Rights of Beasts should be contemned. Indeed, whether we regard them or no, they will now and then force our respect; for beasts in certain cases, particularly the horse, are endued with the right of kicking, which they exercise accordingly. In a serious point of view, this chapter is a strong, and a just appeal to the humanity of man.

Mr. L. may be an enemy to prejudice, but this, to us, will not justify him in reviling, instead of disproving what

what he opposes. It is to be lamented, that men will ever harp on their favourite themes, let the subject of which they treat be never so different. In the course of a "Practical Treatise on Horses," Mr. L. has lugged in his own prejudices, which are bitterly set against REVELATION, without any kind of complaisance to the prejudices of a very numerous class of men, who believe and embrace its truths.

ART. II. *The Baviad and Marviad.*

(Concluded from page 288.)

WRITTEN TWO YEARS AFTER THE PRECEDING.

I WISH I was where Anna lies;
 For I am sick of lingering here;
 And every hour affection cries,
 Go, and partake her humble bier.
 I wish I could! for when she died
 I lost my all; and life has prov'd
 Since that sad hour a dreary void,
 A waste unlovely, and unlov'd.—
 But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
 Shall duly to her grave repair,
 And pluck the ragged moss away,
 And weeds that have "no business there?"
 And who with pious hand shall bring
 The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,
 And violets that unheeded spring,
 To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould?
 And who, while memory loves to dwell
 Upon her name for ever dear,
 Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
 And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did

I did it; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas ! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid ! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine ;
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air, that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

Thy spirits, frolicsome, as good,
Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,
Thy patience, by no wrongs subdu'd,
Thy gay good-humour—Can they “ fade ! ”

These poems, for the first time conveyed to the public in a note attached to the *Mæviad*, will convince our readers that Mr. Gifford, as a poet, is very, very superior indeed, to those whom he has attacked, and justified in that attack, by his evident superiority : while we feel ourselves induced to wish, what we fear he will not readily comply with, a further publication of his poems.

We profess not to be in love with fine wire-wove paper, and the injurious gloss of the hot-presser ; but we are concerned to observe that this volume, though adorned by the pencil of Stothard, is not even neatly printed. In other respects, as in the size, it is convenient ; and what is of much more importance—it is fashionable.

ART. III. *A Word of Gentle Admonition to Mr. Gilbert Wakefield: occasioned by "His Letter to William Wilberforce, Esq. on the Subject of his late Publication."* By J. Watkins, LL. D. pp. 49. 1s. Cawthorne. 1797.

WHEN a Christian is the defender of Christianity, we have every thing to hope from his defence. Not but that some unbelievers have unluckily slipped into this error. Gibbon, in his *Decline and Fall*, has a chapter than which, not any thing as historical evidence, can tend more to confirm the veracity of revelation.—And Mr. Wakefield, though every way opposed to the vital doctrines of the Bible, is contending in the same way, for an external and mutilated authenticity. Mr. Watkins, justly provoked at *Wakefield's* late attack on Mr. Wilberforce; and fearing that the splendor or credit of *this* antagonist on subjects widely different from religion, and with those who are estranged to its cause, may operate as a passport to schemes which are absolutely inimical to that of the Gospel, has taken up his pen in support of a calumniated senator, and in defence of the first principles of Jesus.

Our readers will remember, while they read the ensuing passage, that Mr. Wilberforce's "*LOOKING UNTO JESUS*," was a subject of prime sport to Mr. Wakefield.

"Your last mark of enthusiasm (says Dr. Watkins to Mr. Wakefield) and of our glory, is what you term "*Looking unto God*."—The respectable subject of your virulence and contempt has dwelt, very particularly and emphatically, upon the duty of "*LOOKING UNTO JESUS*," which you have worse than burlesqued by political invectives, and slanderous misrepresentations. I shall not defile myself by following you through these dirty defiles, into a visionary scene which your republican imagination has created for your own delusion.

"We

"We have purer and more substantial objects to which we can direct our faith and expectation; and while you are busied in the work of contention, and panting for revolutionary scenes, with all their horrors, we will humbly endeavour to "lay aside the sin which doth most easily beset us, and run with PATIENCE the race that is set before us; LOOKING UNTO JESUS, the Author and Finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of GOD *."

"*Looking unto God*," in the Christian's acceptation of the expression, means no more than eyeing the glory of GOD in all his thoughts, words, and works. The man is devoted to GOD, because he is reconciled to him through the blood of atonement: he, therefore, lives under a deep sense of his obligation unto the Father of Mercies, by being jealous over himself, lest he should offend against that law in which GOD delighteth. He is in sensible communion with GOD, through the influence of the spirit; and he believes that he shall, through grace, have a more glorious union with him hereafter, when the body of sin is destroyed."

ART. IV. *Fragments in the Manner of Sterne.* sm.
8vo. pp. 139, fine paper, and 3 plates, 6s. boards.
Debrett.

IT is not many years, since a very distant relation of the *Shandy's* attempted a Sentimental Tour in continuation of that illustrious race. Unluckily for this tourist, he assured us, that "He was a bastard son of Yorick, but no more like his *father*, than *he* to Hercules." The present writer has not given us such a sentence, which indeed would not be, as it was with his predecessor, a *literal account of the work*. These "*Fragments*" are the remains of a plentiful feast, which has been spread on the Shandean-table. Witness the following course—

* Heb. xii. 2.

THE GENTOO STORY.

"My uncle Toby lighted his pipe——Let me hear one of the stories;—come nearer, Trim—said my uncle Toby.—— Trim drew a chair opposite to my uncle Toby, and began:—— An' please your Honour—there was a Gentoo——

"As Trim began, my father opened the parlour door—— Now what attack (said he to himself) are those two military noddles planning?—— Trim rose up—— Sit down, corporal! said my father, with a twist of his head, and a flourish of politeness.——

"My father drew a chair to the fire-side——

"Go on with the story, Trim—quoth my uncle Toby.

"——There was a Gentoo, an' please your Honour—who sat so long in one position, as to give himself a most cruel cramp——Now what does your Honour think—continued Trim, (in a tone of the most artless simplicity)——that he cramped himself in such a manner for?——I cannot guess, Trim—quoth my uncle Toby.—— He cramped himself so,—an' please your Honour——for fear he should kill a fly!——

"The generous blood remembered,—it was so *habitué* to do so—that it never forgot it,—to fly to the face of my uncle Toby.——Whenever a *sentiment*, or an *action*, that did honour to humanity—was said, or done——his blood, ever faithful to his cheek, was sure to rise, and tally it there.

"There's many a man, Trim—quoth my uncle Toby—who is called a social being—that would not give himself half so much trouble to save the life of a fellow-creature.

"An' please your Honour—when I tell you the story of this poor soul—it will wring a tear from your Honour's eye, and a sigh from your heart.——I beg your Honour's pardon for saying "*wring*;"—for your Honour's tear is always *ready* for the mischance—even of a worm.——

"There was a something that moved my frame with such a sweet and gentle hand,—when Trim complimented—I would say—when Trim *delineated*—the real touches of my uncle's humanity,—that I felt an indescribable titillation about my heart strings—which I would not exchange—for all the laughter in the universe.

"Some parts of Bengal—an' please your Honour—quoth Trim—are governed by the English——I know it, Trim,—quoth my uncle Toby,—and what business have they to govern there?——

"I wish they had never governed there—said Trim—for the honour of our country.—They found an excuse—and a bitter cruel one it was, as ever made a man's heart ach!—it was as rank hypocrisy, your Honour—as if a murderer had put on a parson's gown, to hide the blood upon his clothes.—They found an excuse—an' please your Honour—to crush the leaves of those that possessed them—sold their houses over their heads—took their fields out of their hands—and passed them into those of monopolisers.—

MONOPOLISER, Trim—said my uncle Toby—is but another word for a—SELFISH SCOUNDREL.—

"In the general rout, an' please your Honour—continued Trim—much of the land remain'd untill'd—which caused a scarcity of provision—Hard-hearted monopolisers, your Honour, filled their magazines with what little was left.—

"They could not have done more, Trim, to a cruel and an obstinate *enemy*, who was at last obliged to surrender at discretion.

"——But they were their *governors*! an' please your Honour—quoth Trim, (raising his voice.)——

"The greater the crime, Trim.—We should not forget that it is our duty to fulfil the post that we are placed in;—it is our duty to be honourable at all times:—but to give up a garrison that we have sworn to defend, Trim, is the basest of all acts—that of treachery.

"——An' please your Honour, this Gentoo had a wife and six children.—He possessed a little land,—and, by the sweat of his brow——

"——They sweat dreadfully in those countries, Trim!—quoth my uncle Toby——

"——And, by the sweat of his brow, had saved up a little money.—When his house and fields were taken from him——an' please your Honour—continued Trim, (almost choked with indignation)—it makes my blood work to think of such cruel wretches!——

"Drink a little sack, Trim—quoth my uncle Toby.

"Then here's your Honour's health—and may your Honour's heart be a model for every Englishman to form his own by!——

"Thank ye, Trim—said my uncle Toby—with his usual smile, that spoke a generous disposition.

"Courteous reader! Conceive not the tender heart of Trim capable

capable of a willing offence.—He did not drink my father's health, although my father was in the room:—That my father was seated at the left hand of Trim, is true—but then my father's chair was not in a direct line with Trim's—it was full a foot and a half behind it.—Now, Trim was looking,—neither to the right, nor to the left, nor behind him;—he was looking full in my uncle Toby's face.—My uncle Toby, and the misfortunes of the Gentoo, were all that Trim thought on.—My father was too interested to notice it. Trim continued—

“When he found his house and fields were to be taken from him, he told his wife of his mishap.—It would almost break your Honour's heart,—to hear the description that Dick—(for that is the soldier's name that told me, your Honour)—it would almost break your Honour's heart—to hear how mournfully they marched out of their little garrison, with all their baggage—every eye wet,—the children that could walk, moving disconsolately,—and three that could not, carried by the father—mother—and eldest son.—It must have been as mournful, your Honour, as marching to the grave of a beloved officer who had fallen in battle.—Every three or four steps they took, they turned their heads back—looked at the field—then at their children—then at the field again.—Confound their mask'd batteries!—they had better have sprung a mine, your Honour, and blown them up at once!—than plunder them first, and starve 'em out afterwards—as your Honour will soon hear.—Poor souls!—continued Trim, (in a mixed tone of pity and resentment)—they were forced to retreat,—by as foul an attack, an' please your Honour, as ever coward made!—They had a few rupees which they had saved,—and this little stock was to carry them to the stores of their murderers, to buy rice.—When all their money was gone—continued Trim—they fed upon decayed roots, and unwholesome weeds!—An' will your honour believe, that these innocent souls wouldn't take away the *life* of any living thing, to keep *their own* within them?—There was *humanity*!—said Trim, in a tone of exultation.

“Never did I see the countenance of my uncle so filled with anguish.—His lip trembled—and the drop of pity, which had lodged there, trembled with it.—He took out his handkerchief, and hid his face in it;—whether it was to

dry his tears, or to hide the shame he felt for his countrymen—I cannot decide.—My father looked disconsolate.—And is this the work of the generous Englishmen! said he.—An' please your honour—said Trim—I cannot help feeling it!”

“In one of those *confused* moments of grief, which prompts us involuntary to do, what, in the moments of *coolness*, we would not,—Trim took up the sack, and put it to his lips, without being told.—It was a mixed draught—for the tears of my uncle Toby, who had drank before him, and his own tears, composed part of the cup.—

“Trim continued—An' please your Honour, what must have been the feelings of a father—to see his family set down to such a meal!—But it couldn't last long, your Honour!—Pestilence and famine came into their doors.—Poor father!—to see five of his children drop—and breathe their last before his eyes—and *then* his wife, who had shared all his pleasures!—but, alas! your Honour,—not all his pains—

“Here Trim burst into tears—Indeed, your Honour, I cannot continue!—

“Go on, my good fellow—said my uncle Toby—while the tears rolled down his cheeks like those of an infant.

“—He took, an' please your Honour—I cannot go on!—

“What did he take, Trim?—quoth my uncle Toby, (reaching across the table, and laying his hand on Trim's.)

“—An' please your Honour—said Trim,—he stripp'd the clothes from his dead wife and children, to go to the stores—(damn 'em!)—to barter for another meal, to preserve his only child.—It was too late—he had scarcely left her—but she sunk dead upon the body of her mother!—When he reached the store, he gave it that curse which an unfortunate father gives to the destroyer of his family—cast a faint eye upon the damn'd walls—sunk before 'em, and gasped his last!—

“There was havock!—an engagement is nothing to it!—An' please your Honour—*three millions of souls met this fate!*

“Thou merciful Being!—who delightest in the honest workings of the human heart—look down!—behold the eyes of three as generous souls as ever adorned thy creation—wrt
for

for sorrows which they had never caused, or even felt, but by the greatness of sympathetic kindness!

"———It was cruel to let them starve, an' please your Honour, because they would not shed blood!——"

"I would rather have been the Gentoo, Trim—said my uncle Toby—with all his starving family about him—than one who had put his profits in his purse, at the expence of the life of a fellow-creature.

"———An' please your Honour—as old Dick said—*every pagoda that they pocketed was covered with blood*———I wonder, your Honour—if they could sleep o'nights?——"

"If they did, Trim—quoth my uncle Toby—I trust they were not *refreshed* by it.———Innocence is to a man, Trim—what a cradle is to a child; it rocks him into such *sweet sleep*——Which comes upon him—added my father—as softly and gradually, Trim, as a summer's evening closing-in a fine day!"

NECESSITY.

"———Philosophical necessity, Toby—said my father—is that universal dependence, from the smallest atom up to ourselves, on the immutable laws of nature.——From the dropping of our nail-pairings, to the velocity of a ball from the mouth of a cannon—Necessity *binds us, and we cannot fly from it*.

"There have been instances, brother—quoth my uncle Toby—but very seldom, of the elevation of the cannon——"

"By heavens! Toby—cried my father, (interrupting my uncle)—I wish there was not an engineer, or a cannon, or a fortification, throughout the world.

"We should be subject to continual inroads—quoth my uncle Toby.

"Then be it so, Toby—replied my father, in a tone of the most splanetic resignation, his head moving to the right and to the left, like the pendulum of a clock, while he distinctly pronounced each word.

"My father paused—he felt an inward, but momentary resentment, at being thus interrupted in his career;—but eloquence, such eloquence as my father's, was not to be stopped in its road by a few twigs accidentally scattered in its way.

"———I would say, Toby—continued my father—that we *cannot fly* from the laws of *necessity*,—that every atom, every man, act agreeable to nature, and *act right*.

"My dear brother—quoth my uncle Toby—if that were the case, how many a brave lad might now march in the field who has been sacrificed in it, by inexperience—by treachery by rashness, or by cowardice.—"

"—Every thing in nature—continued my father, (emphatically)—every atom—yes, Toby, every man acts as he is *obliged to act*.

"An' please your Honour—quoth Trim, bowing low to my father—that would be but a cruel excuse for putting a whole garrison to the sword—after they had surrendered at discretion.

"—Trim—(cried Yorick, while philanthropy expanded on his brow)—if thy philosophy were the practice of mankind, we should have little need of garrisons!—and he who disciplines his mind to the dictates of mercy and benevolence, may be satisfied in his conscience that he *never acts wrong*.

"An' please your Honour—replied Trim—I think that we should give quarter in this world, or how are we to expect it in the next?—In the same proportion, Trim, that we give it in this—replied Yorick.—"

"My father was mounted—nor a stile—nor a hedge—nor a ditch—nor a turnpike-gate—nor half a forest fell'd, and jumbled in the highway—could stop him;—he was on the back of his philosophic nag—and his philosophic nag was prick'd into a full gallop.

"Every effect, (cried my father, pursuing his doctrine)—must be produced by a cause;—that effect becoming a cause in turn, producing an effect—so running on in one perpetual race—"

"I do not comprehend you, brother—quoth my uncle Toby.—"

"* *It is motion communicated and received one after another, that establishes the connexion and relation in the system of things.*

"What things?—quoth my uncle Toby.—"

"My father pulled up the waistband of his breeches, took three or four strides across the room, and continued—"

"Our great-grandfather—"

"Heaven rest his soul!—quoth my uncle Toby—"

"Or, to speak with more certainty—for we may not know who he was, Toby;—for as our aunt Dina made a slip, so might some of the other branches of our family—(My uncle

* Mirabeau.

Toby

Toby blushed)——To speak with more certainty——our great-grandmother was the cause that produced our grandmother——

“That could not have been without the aid of our great-grandfather!——quoth my uncle Toby.——

“*He communicated motion undoubtedly*——quoth Yorick, gravely.——

“——Our grandmother the effect, (continued my father)——becomes a cause by producing our mother.——

“This chain——quoth Yorick——arises from the *connexion of things and their relations*.——

“Again, (continued my father)——our mother the effect, becomes a cause;——she produced you Toby, and myself——

“That is very clear——quoth my uncle Toby.

“Now it came to pass, that the first part of my father’s speculation brushed on the wings of recollection through the mind of my uncle Toby——Pray, brother——quoth he——looking up earnestly in the face of my father,——“Does all this prove that a man may slay his nearest kin?”——By no means, Toby——replied my father——but the same laws that produce the one——produce the other——those laws which govern all nature——from the stopping of a wheel, to the motion of the earth round its own axis.——

“This was too refined for the brain of my uncle Toby——Are children begotten, (thought he to himself)——fathers murder’d——wheels stopped——and earth moved, in the same way!

“Yorick had listen’d to my father’s dissertation on necessity with the greatest gravity——the honest simplicity of my uncle Toby oft excited his smile, the heart-felt smile of disinterested Friendship.——”

Poor Anna! We have wept over thy story! and we would moisten the eye of another, but our affections must submit to rule.

Imitators mostly suffer by a comparison with originals; but there is a species of imitation which is founded in originality. A man who feels with Sterne, may be permitted to write with Sterne; for in this he will never become servile: he contains within himself that spring, to which Sterne has only given a direction. Perhaps the author of these “Fragments” is not exactly of this description. He has, however, a feeling heart,—a refined and lively imagination.

ART. V. *A Second Letter to the Hon. Thomas Erskine, &c. &c. &c. &c. By John Gifford, Esq. pp. 80. 2s. Longman.*

TO those who have read this gentleman's first letter to Mr. Erskine, the present will not prove unacceptable. Mr. Gifford here proves, at least to our satisfaction, the sincerity of lord Malmesbury's first mission; and the justice of Mr. Pitt in granting some kind of compensation to those concerned in the late voluntary loan. He disclaims all motives of influence in his defence of ministers, and, after apologizing for any undue harshness which might be found in his addresses to Mr. Erskine, he concludes with a few words to the critics.

ART. VI. *Hamel's Exercises.*

(Concluded from page 286.)

THE Grammar of M. Hamel, to the rules whereof these Exercises are correspondent, did not come under our notice. We have since seen the former: for good reasons, its claim on our approbation is much below what we are inclined to bestow on the book now open.

The four divisions of this work are enumerated in the copious title. We pass over the two first with observing, that the vocabulary is well arranged, the parts of speech are explained in a manner at once concise and clear, and the short exercises which illustrate them generally, are happily introductory to the Exercises that follow.

Part III. Is evidently the butt of the two preceding. The 183 rules of our author's grammar are here repeated, but with improvements in the style, which strike us

as a singular effort of industry and application. Thus, "The superlative governs always, in French, the noun following in genitive case, and the verb in subjunctive mood."—*Vide Grammar, Rule 43.* Read the same rule in the Exercises: "The superlative always governs the noun in the genitive in French, and the verb in the subjunctive." *pa. 73.* The judgment in this alteration need no comment: it is a fair specimen of the author's manner. His rules are seldom longer than three lines; but contain in that space the usual tautology of a page. A pertinent example, and sometimes two, follow; these are succeeded by the exercises, selected from English books of every description, as are the recapitulatory exercises at the end of every chapter. Figures of reference, underneath words of apparent difficulty, to those rules in which the manner of rendering them may be found, operate as a continual proof of the scholar's proficiency, and obtain a manifest advantage over the old method of almost translating the passage to his hands.

Part. IV. "Abrégé des principes de la langue Française, par demande et par réponse," is, in fact, a recapitulation, in about ten pages, of all that precedes.

We have not room to enter into a particular examination of doubtful points; and indeed it would be invidious to select the few inadvertencies inseparable from a work of this nature. After what we have already said, it will be only necessary to add, that the author has made good his modest claim. "If the arrangement be obvious; the style concise and clear; the examples apt; the exercises moral, and properly adapted; and the manner of working them easily comprehended; he may presume upon the merit of a few improvements, while he has availed himself of all that was useful in others." *Preface, page 3.*

ART. VII. *Grafville Abbey: a Romance.* 3 vols. sewed. G. G. and J. Robinson.

THAT "virtue is its own reward, and vice its own punishment," is the simple moral of "*Grafville Abbey*."—This romance was originally retailed in the *Lady's Magazine*, and is now published in a detached form, and, apparently, without the corrections of its author, whose first flight it appears to be.

The language, at the beginning, is trite and commonplace, but as it proceeds, a visible improvement takes place. The plot is good, the incidents numerous and well connected; but the winding-up is tedious, and the catastrophe, too soon revealed, hardly pays the reader for travelling through the last volume. The author, however, must not be discouraged: this performance will afford ample amusement to the class of readers for which it is peculiarly adapted; and a second attempt, we doubt not, will ensure a better success.

ART. VIII. *The Church of St. Siffred's.* 4 vols. 14s. sewed. Longman.

SOME praise, and indeed a good deal, *St. Siffred's* may claim. The plot is original, and most of the characters ably drawn; but the style is harsh, and we turn with much displeasure from a work, which, in this age of matrimonial infidelity, throws a veil of sensibility over the passion for married women. However innocent the heroines of a novel generally act in such a situation, candour itself must severely condemn so pernicious an example; the heart of a wife, ought to be taught to shudder at the first feeling of a warmer sentiment than esteem for any man but her husband. *Ethelred* almost encourages it.

If the author of this work would meliorate his style, be more attentive to his moral tendency, and give us sentiments in our *own language*, we *believe* he might very successfully interest; and we *hope*, instruct the public: but, while he chuses to decorate every page with scraps of French, Italian, and Latin, we fear very few of his readers will understand him. Is the English language then so barren of words, that for even the most common expressions in familiar discourse, we must ransack the dictionaries of our neighbours? Greater writers than the author of *St. Siffred's*, have found it quite copious enough to express all the energies of genius, and the profundity of science.

ART. IX. *The Wandering Jew: or, Love's Masquerade. A Comedy, in Two Acts. (As performed by their Majesties' Servants at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.)* By Andrew Franklin. pp. 55. 1s. Cawthorne.

THIS piece, which on the whole is chaste, and approaching to comedy, has yet one flagrant imperfection. When *Atall* personates the Jew, and *Marall* the attendant, we must think *sir Solomon* to be more than sheepish, in not perceiving the *Jewleßness* of the impostors, when by far the greater part of their conversation was made up of modern customs and times, with a very sparing intermixture of the antique. The moral is, at this time, valuable; and may be gathered from the following dialogue:

"*Lydia.* My father certainly is the easiest man on earth to be imposed upon; but it does not become me to join in the imposture.

Camilla. Become you to do so!—No—no more it would, if *Atall*, like his friend, my lover, was not a man of honour, and a charming man! Is he not a lovely fellow?

"*Lydia.*

Lydia. I think, Camilla, he is well enough.

Camilla. Well enough! Well—that's too bad—Oh, dear! Why don't you read novels and romances, to instruct you how to express yourself with fervour towards your lover?

Lydia. But I shall offend my father if I refuse his choice.

Camilla. Offend a fiddlestick! Don't tell me of offending fathers!—Oh, dear!—Oh, dear! [Cries.]

Lydia. Why do you weep, Camilla?

Camilla. Because—because—I have no father nor mother to offend! [Sobs.] Oh—if I had!—

Lydia. What would you do?

Camilla. Follow my own whim, to be sure—ecod, that I would! Now I will ask you, did you ever see a heroine yet that did not fly in the face of her friends, encounter a thousand miserable vicissitudes of life, and at last have the supreme happiness of dying wretched?"

Mr. Franklin is an author of the old school. We do not find in his pages those trickeries and fripperies to which most of our *dramatists* are now indebted for their success. He appears to disdain them—and he has powers which may be supported without them.

We had room to perceive, at the representation of this play, that Mr. Bannister junior, was deficient in the part of Major Atall. It was not, indeed, a part of high consequence, but it was one of those parts which he has *usually filled with advantage*.

ART. X. *Dialogues in a Library.* pp. 278. cr. 8vo. 5s. boards. Robinsons.

THESE dialogues, though the production of an able mind, are in many respects defective. Indeed it seems rarely possible, that one man should be qualified so to grasp the whole circle of science, as to compress it into a system that may with safety be relied on. Besides, the extent of a small volume, like the present, would barely comprise even an abstract of human knowledge. And it is the more necessary to be explicit in an opinion of works of this nature, as they are designed for the intelligence of our youth.

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THOMAS KEYSE ESQ.

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